

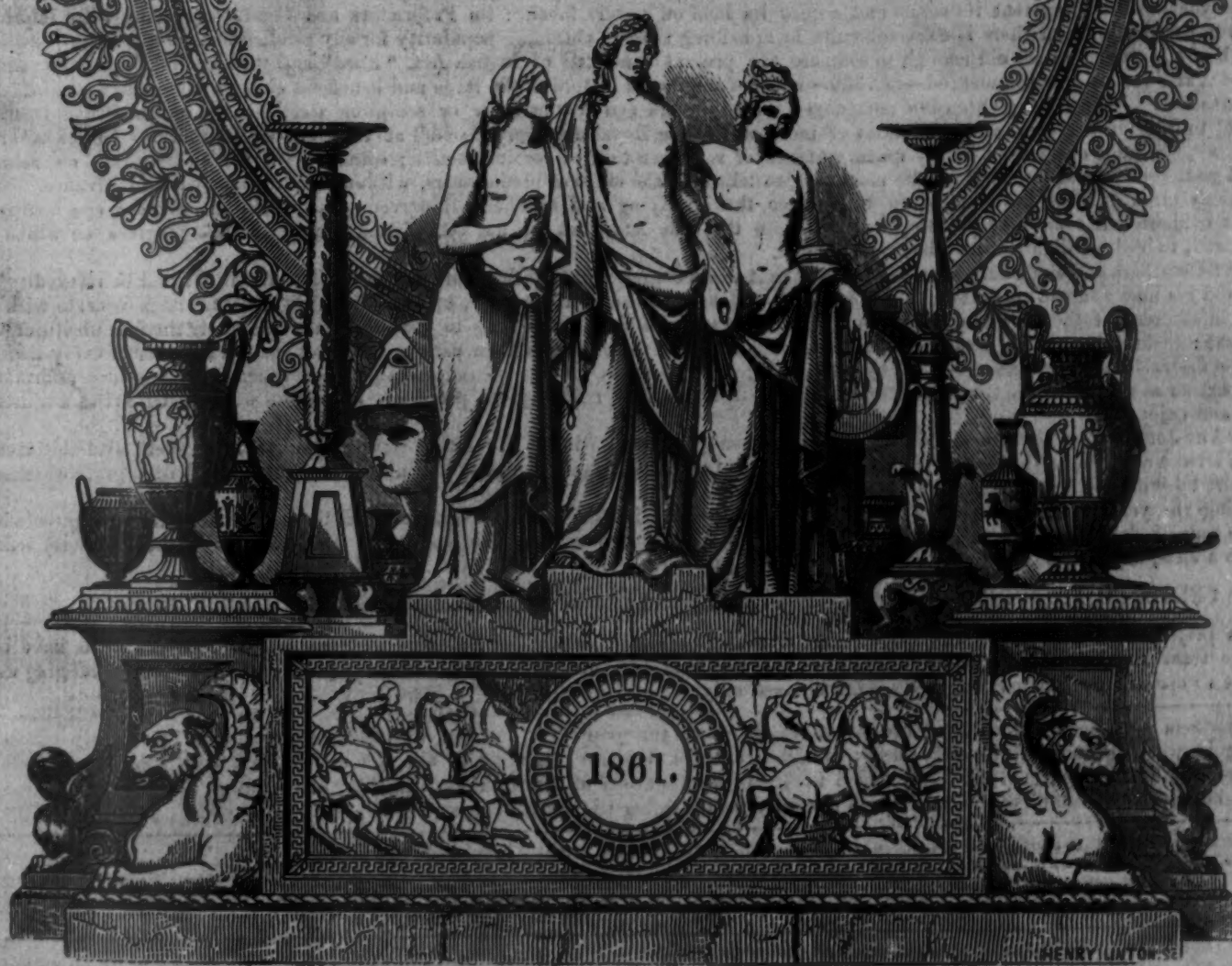
1141
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. LXXIV.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

FEBRUARY.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON: JAMES S. VIRTUE;

PUBLISHED BY ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO., 25, PATERNOSTER ROW;

NEW YORK: VIRTUE AND CO. PARIS: STASSIN AND XAVIER. LEIPZIG: F. A. BROCKHAUS.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR MAY BE SENT.



THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE DUENNA. Engraved by C. H. JENNS, from the Picture by G. S. NEWTON, R.A., in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.
2. CALAIS PIER. Engraved by J. COUNN, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., in the National Gallery.
3. INDUSTRY. Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Statue by Mrs. THORNTON.

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On the 1st of January, 1861, we commenced the Twenty-third annual volume of the ART-JOURNAL.

The extensive circulation of the ART-JOURNAL is the result of a large expenditure of capital—which has been continually increased year after year, so as to augment its value and secure its hold on public favour: its Proprietors and Conductors being fully impressed with the important fact that there is more difficulty in upholding than in obtaining popularity for any publication.

Such of our readers as are old enough to compare the present condition of British Art, "Fine" and "Industrial," with its position when the ART-JOURNAL was commenced—in 1839—will not require to be told of the large and beneficial changes time has wrought. The higher arts are now receiving extensive patronage; twenty years ago few painters or sculptors were "commissioned," and it was a rare event to find ten per cent. of the pictures of members of the Royal Academy "sold" at their annual exhibition. Manufacturers, with a few honourable exceptions, hardly made pretence of reference to Art for instruction; content with the chances that occasionally procured good results, and satisfied, for the most part, to follow in the steps of predecessors, without inquiry and without advance.

Various circumstances have combined to produce the gratifying and beneficial improvement of which the present epoch supplies abundant evidence; it cannot be presumptuous to state that the ART-JOURNAL has contributed largely to that progress on which the country, and, indeed, civilization, may be congratulated.

Our Subscribers and the Public may rest assured that in no degree will the efforts of the Conductors of this Journal be relaxed. The Editor, and his many valued coadjutors, will continue to labour, with heart and energy, to render it in all respects commensurate with the growing intelligence of the age; to supply information upon every subject interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artizan: making it not only a record of all "news" concerning the Arts and their various ramifications,—a reporter of every incident it may be desirable to communicate,—but, by drawing on the resources of experienced and enlightened men, affording such information and instruction as may advance the great cause of Art—teaching, while gratifying, its professors and those who pursue Art as a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

The ART-JOURNAL for the year 1861 has, therefore, been commenced with an earnest resolve to improve it by every available means, and with all the advantages that result from long experience of the wants and wishes of its Subscribers, as well as with a grateful sense of the support by which it has obtained the high position it occupies.

During the year 1861, the series of Engravings from Pictures in the Royal Collections (and for the permission to engrave which we are so much indebted to the gracious munificence of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort) will be brought to a close, and will be succeeded by a series of

SELECTED PICTURES FROM THE PRIVATE GALLERIES AND COLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

This project has been liberally and considerably aided by collectors, and cordially assisted by many artists. Our selections have been made—we trust and believe with sound judgment—from the most extensive collections in the Kingdom; and we are so arranging as to obtain the co-operation of the best engravers—and of those only.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of the new series, therefore, six volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—also consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to J. S. VIRTUE, 294, City Road; 26, Ivy Lane, City; or to 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

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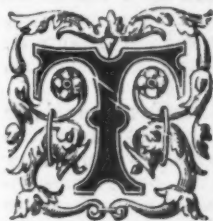
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1861.

AN EXAMINATION
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS
OF OUR BLESSED LORD.
BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

PART II.—PORTRAITS OF THE FIRST FOUR
CENTURIES, FROM THE CHRISTIAN CEMETERIES.



THE works of Art known to exist, that may lay claim to a high antiquity, and amongst which we may look for early instances of the likeness of our Saviour, may be classed thus:—

1. Mosaics executed at ascertained periods, between the second and the seventh centuries.
2. Pictures on unprepared linen cloth, executed in a material similar to transparent water colour, to be ascribed to a period (probably) antecedent to the third century, and generally purporting to be the handkerchief of St. Veronica, and the image depicted to have been caused by direct application of the cloth to the face of our Lord.
3. Pictures evidently of high antiquity, executed in *tempora* on wood, of eastern or Byzantine origin, and traditionally ascribed to St. Luke.
4. Metal work, executed during the Ostro-Gothic occupation of Italy, when other kinds of Art were almost impracticable.
5. Sculptures, frescoes, and works of Art, executed on glass and other materials, taken from the Christian cemeteries, and executed during the first four centuries.

Of the classes above enumerated the last is by far the most important, both on account of the unquestionable antiquity of the objects it includes, and the general excellence of their preservation. To comprehend their full value, some detailed account of the places whence they were taken will be requisite, and as first in importance, it will be best to commence with the Roman catacombs.

It was to be expected that the converts to a creed which taught the doctrine of the resurrection of the body amongst its principal tenets, would view with something like abhorrence the pagan practice of incineration, to which they had been accustomed. To our modern conceptions the disposal of our mortal remains, however it may be effected, presents no obstacle to the accomplishment of the final restoration; but various circumstances concur in forcing on us the conviction that the earlier converts to Christianity entertained more confined ideas on the subject. To them it was a point of vital importance, if not absolutely necessary, that some portion of the mortal

remains, however small, should be implanted in and combine with the earth, it being apparently held by them that a new power, a capacity of fructification and development, was thereby imparted. They considered that the process of burning was an avoidance of that condition of corruption that must precede the incorruptible. The seed that was sown must germinate in darkness before it could rise to the light of another day: but how to effect this disposal was the difficulty. In many cities, in Rome for instance, to bury in the ground in the sight of the populace, even in times when the sect was not persecuted, was simply impossible. The temples, the gardens, and places of public resort, would, in pagan eyes, be profaned by the presence of a corpse. The obstacle was, however, not insurmountable: around the city, amongst the gardens and villas of the wealthy, were many that belonged to the richer converts to the new faith. These persons naturally resorted to the more secluded parts of their own property, to plant that precious seed which had fallen from their own tree—a use that was readily extended to the friends and dependents of the household, and in most cases to the members of the church generally. The excavations thus formed, extended themselves as occasion arose, and took the form of narrow passages, in most parts about six feet in height, and three wide; the receptacles for the dead being ranged in horizontal tiers one above the other on the sides of the passages, precisely similar to the construction of berths round the cabin of a passenger vessel. The vicissitudes of the church soon provided other uses for these subterranean chambers. In times of persecution, the public assembling of the people for Christian worship was attended with considerable danger; accordingly, small chambers or chapels were added to the excavations, in which the sacred mysteries might be celebrated in comparative security, to which children and catechumens might resort for instruction, and which might serve as the cathedral or seat of the bishop;—this last use being evidenced by the frequent chair or cathedral cut in the rock, and generally to be found near the resting-place of some noted saint or martyr. With the spread of the new religion these cemeteries required frequent and considerable extensions, consequently we find them in many instances ranged in stories one above the other, and of some miles in extent. From the fact of these being so frequently met with beneath the surface of Rome and the surrounding Campagna, it was supposed that they communicated with each other, and thus much larger dimensions were attributed to particular cemeteries than the facts warrant. As far as can be ascertained, they exist, as might have been expected from the nature of their origin, in separate and distinct series.

Though the necessity which existed for places of subterranean burial during the persecution of the church ceased with the conversion of the empire, the practice was not wholly discontinued. Churches were built and decorated, and consecrated cemeteries on the surface of the land were provided with a lavish hand by Constantine and the Empress Helena; but to human affections and sympathies the place which held the ashes of kindred who had gone before, and that was hallowed by the presence of those glorious Christian warriors whose "blood, shed for the testimony," had now fructified into a triumphant church, had a consecration beyond all others. Accordingly, for purposes of interment they were still occasionally resorted to, until, as a matter of expediency, and to prevent the disturbance of existing sepulchres by those who considered they would be safer if they could possess themselves of a resting-place in close proximity to the dust of some one who had shed his blood for the faith, an edict was

issued by Pope Damasus, in the year 365, closing the cemeteries to interment, and indeed to access generally. But the victory of the church though decisive was not final: another century saw pagan Ostro-Goths occupying the Christian metropolis, desecrating the temples of God, and driving the Christian flock once more to seek shelter in "the caves of the ground" from the fiery whirlwind of persecution that again swept over the land. Here they were pursued and slaughtered with a fury scarcely equalled in the worst times of the pagan Cæsars. The tombs of the saints and martyrs were desecrated, and their ashes strewed in the streets of the city or flung into the Tiber. The storm was violent but evanescent, and again the church enjoyed peace. But in order to prevent any further disturbance of the precious ashes lying beneath, it was determined to close and to effectually conceal the entrances to the subterranean chambers, retaining those only that opened into convents (which were afterwards fortified for their further protection), and into concealed places in the crypts of churches. These latter were soon walled up and forgotten; while with respect to those that opened into the convents, it was discovered by the more astute among the holy brotherhood, that the moderate and unvarying temperature of the rock chambers beneath exercised a peculiar preservative and maturing effect on wine; consequently, in more than one instance, the consecrated vaults were utilized as the convent wine-cellars, a requisite space being appropriated, and the remainder walled off in consideration of the superstitious fears or imaginings of the convent butler. In the course of centuries the walled up portions were forgotten, and, in consequence, the very existence of most of the catacombs was, till a comparatively recent period, a matter of speculation.

There cannot be a doubt that there exist under the surface of the Campagna, other of these cemeteries that have not yet been explored, and which are, probably, as rich in undisturbed works of Art and antiquity as any that have yet been opened. It is to be hoped that when these are discovered, their precious contents will meet with more considerate and enlightened treatment than has been extended to the others.

Of those that have been explored, the contents (mortal remains included) have, in some instances, been carried away no one knows whither, in others they have been wantonly and totally destroyed; but such as have escaped, and would bear removal, have been placed in the museums of the Vatican and the Lateran, or exist unarranged and uncatalogued in different parts of the Papal residences. Fortunately, enough remain to afford most important information on the subject of this inquiry.

A first entry into one of these subterranean cemeteries, while the mortal furniture and decorations remained undisturbed, must have been singularly impressive. An opening in the ground small enough to be easily hidden by brambles and tall grass; a steep flight of steps cut in the loose crumbling rock, descending to a depth of forty, sixty, or perhaps eighty feet; a massive door strongly barred, but the material so rotten as to give way to the slightest touch; a few more steps, and then a long narrow passage, just wide enough to pass along without much inconvenience. In utter darkness and eternal stillness the long passage goes on and on, the occasional openings into other passages—dark and silent, and apparently as interminable as itself—only adding a deeper gloom. The first feeling of bewilderment and awe, at the strangeness of the scene, having passed away, we observe the sides of the passage thickly covered with white marble slabs with characters engraved thereon, clear and sharp as when fresh from the mason's chisel, memorials



of the dead that for fourteen, fifteen, perhaps eighteen centuries have lain behind—in fact, a few inches within the walls of this dark narrow passage, lie in tiers one above the other, and so close that not another could be placed between, the bones (in some instances, in others the mere concave shape in a mass of dust) of the first converts to our faith. Still the long narrow passage goes on and on, and still continually branches off into others, repetitions of itself. Frequently interspersed among the white tablets, are small recesses, scarcely large enough to thrust the hand into; inside these will be found a small bottle, apparently of silver or of mother-of-pearl, but really of decayed glass: it falls into the finest flakes on the slightest touch. This is a lachrymatory, a tear bottle, dry enough now beyond all question, however full it may have been once.*

The portion of the cemetery we have just passed through is that which was first excavated, and, in all probability, contains the remains of the earliest converts to our faith. A Christian church must have existed in Rome from a period almost immediately succeeding to the resurrection of our Lord, as St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans in the year 58, when the church was already numerous, and "their faith spoken of over the world." That these were the earliest interments is also evidenced by the fact of some pagan usages being still retained. The Christian anagram is certainly on the tablet, but human affection, under such circumstances, is loth to part with its old modes of expressing itself, and the lachrymatory and the paterne are no less certainly found below. We go further on in the dark passage, into the midst of, probably, another generation, for the series of white tablets is now often interrupted by a picture, a portrait, probably, of the person lying behind. These pictures, existing in their lonely dark stillness century after century, seem

replete with a meaning and significance peculiarly their own, in comparison with the inanimate objects and the withering dust around—nay, even with our own selves, they appear to be the real living inhabitants of the place; the flickering light gives them motion, they seem to watch us, and actually to turn their eyes on us as we pass along. Soon we come to a group of smaller figures, a picture in three compartments—our first parents in the act of their disobedience, a medallion portrait of the occupant of the grave behind with uplifted hands, in the attitude of prayer, then a figure of a shepherd carrying a wounded lamb across a stream (the mystic Jordan). This figure, of infinite sweetness, gentleness, and power, is one which we all know. The whole picture embodying the hope and creed of him or her whose mortal garment lies behind—"As in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Soon we come to other pictures, eloquent of the same eternal hope: our Lord distributing the bread of life; the raising of Lazarus; the river of the water of life, in contradistinction to the dark waters of Jordan, full of living fish, the symbol of the Christian flock passing through the dark wave in their journey hence.* Passing on we come to a shorter passage, and entering we find it expand into a vaulted chamber, some three or four yards square, above and around covered with pictures and gilding. On three of the sides are projections like huge seats: these are the tombs of martyrs, and the chapel has been cut and decorated in their honour; in one corner may be seen a chair carved in the rock. This chapel is also a cathedral, a Roman bishop in times of persecution had his seat here; but these pictures are not mere idle fanciful decorations—they had a high purpose. They represent scenes from the Scriptures, illustrating those tenets of the Christian faith that more especially distinguish it from that of the idolaters. This

generally resorted to for subjects: Noah in the ark, or rather just leaving it; Moses striking the rock; and, especially, the story of Jonah. We are also somewhat surprised at meeting with subjects from the pagan legends: Orpheus and the beasts; Apollo, &c., &c. These seem sadly out of place, but their significance we shall see presently. Richly carved sarcophagi will be met with; the subjects sculptured on them, like those of the paintings, all typical of the one great consolatory hope, and most of them repeating more or less perfectly that same likeness we all know so well. We go further on still in the apparently endless passage, we penetrate the wilderness of cross passages, we descend steep steps to lower stories, and yet again to lower still, and throughout all, the same chapels, the same tablets, pictures, and sculptured sarcophagi, all embodying the same eternal hope. At length, as we go further, we perceive a change: the places of interment are not so regular and orderly as they were, and not so decorated; occasionally a space has been cut through a picture to allow of a resting-place behind, and we notice other irregularities. The time of Constantine had come, the church was emancipated and had inherited the land, and things were not carried on below in a manner so orderly as they had been. The long dark passages still go on, but are, perhaps, fallen in, or on other accounts no longer safe, and we are forced to return.

We have hitherto been taking a cursory glance at the general appearance of things only, we will now examine a little closer and deeper. How exquisitely touching are the loving words engraved on the tablets! how full of the eloquence that could not express itself in words is the simple inscription, "To the sweetest of women," "DVLCESSIMAE FEMINAE IN PACE;" and again, "To the sweetest of wives, who lived twenty-two years," "CONIVCI DVLCESSIMAE VIXIT XXII." We read, not that Ulpia is buried, but that Ulpia is decorated.



No. 1.

chapel and cathedral was also a school, where children and catechumens came to be instructed in times when they could not be so safely assembled above ground, and these pictures were doubtless placed there for their instruction. Penetrating still further we come upon

* Lachrymatories, containing what appears to be dried blood, are invariably found in the graves of martyrs; that the dried red substance was blood, would appear from the fact that Leibnitz, after experimenting on this substance with various re-agents, states, in a letter to M. Fabretti, that he could find nothing it resembled but desiccated blood.

pictures differing somewhat from those we saw at first. The Old Testament is now

* Though the representation of fish in a stream is understood to be typical of the passage of the Christian flock through Jordan, or death, this is but a lateral branch of its principal signification. In other instances, a fish is expressly typical of our Lord himself. It was held, in the first ages of the church, that the ancient sybils had prophesied many things truly of our Lord; hence their occasional representation in Christian churches. The figure of a fish, as typical of our Saviour, is held to have originated in the famous acrostic verses of the Roman sibyl, as quoted by St. Augustin and Eusebius (St. Aug. di Civ. Dei, xviii. 23; and Euseb. in Orat. Const. c. 18),



Look inside where Ulpia's mortal clothing lies, a space scarcely larger than a hand, and a few, very few, bits of bones are but too indicative of the kind of crown that Ulpia now wears. "Eutychia, happiest of women," lies next. Behind her stone we shall find a larger



No. 2.

aperture, and calmly lying—what was once Eutychia: at her feet, imbedded in the mortar,

the initial letters of the titles of our Lord, with which each verse commences, making up the Greek word, ΙΧΘΥΣ, a fish. Ιησους Χριστος, Θεου Υιος, Σωτηρ.

will be a glass cup, exquisitely decorated with figures wrought in gold—our Saviour raising Lazarus,* rude in execution, and unlike in countenance; but the period at which it was executed was so early that no information of what our Lord was like had reached the artist. On the breast of Eutychia's cast off apparel, or more probably fallen



No. 3.

between its folds, will be found a small glass ornament, once suspended by a cord: on this is also a picture—Noah leaving his ark,† or our Lord bringing the fruit of the tree of life‡—again the all-consolatory hope that lives and breathes over everything in the place.

Though this description purports to be an imaginary visit only to a recently opened

cemetery, it is yet in every respect a strictly accurate sketch of things as they actually were, many of the catacombs in their present condition (though some of their contents may be removed), presenting an appearance but little differing from the above description. The passages, the chapels, the pictures, and many of the tablets, are still undisturbed. Some of the tablets are removed, and are now in the museums of the Vatican or the Lateran, where also are the sarcophagi, with notes referring to the places whence they were taken. The cups, pateræ, and lachrymatories, are mostly in the same museums, but portions of some of these may still be seen, embedded in the mortar, in the positions they originally occupied. This is more especially the case in the cemeteries of St. Callisto, St. Agnese, and SS. Achille e Nereo.

The picture I have drawn above might be much added to, many of the contents which the excavations have revealed to us are interesting and suggestive in the extreme, but not being immediately connected with the purposes of this inquiry, it will suffice merely to allude to them. Particularly rich are different apartments in the Vatican—not easily accessible to the public—in these Christian memorials, the beauty of some of which can scarcely be comprehended from a mere description:—Cups of blue and lilac glass with the gold figures on them, such as we mentioned above: some of these with the figures worked to a degree of finish perfectly wonderful, especially one representing the portraits of a man with his wife and child, in the costume of the time of Trajan, which is quite a marvel of accuracy of detail and purity of style, equalling in these respects anything that has been done in the best period of Art. Tazza of exquisite proportions and workmanship, to which the decay of the glass has given the appearance of being carved in pearl; amulets, armlets, and other jewellery in gold, silver, and bronze,

generally repeating the usual symbols of the Christian's hope. Tools of workmen; hideous implements of torture; carved ivory figures, or rather their remains; images in metal-work of the Ostro-Gothic period, choicely worked with enamel; and an infinity of other suggestive matter, the description of which would at present be rather beside my purpose.

The illustrations to this number are given as specimens of Christian art, which, if not older, must be at least as old as any existing. From whatever cause it may proceed, they seem to have escaped general notice hitherto;—a fact to be wondered at the more, considering the important link they supply in a chain of evidence that leads us back, distinctly and clearly, to the very earliest period of our era. It is, in fact, impossible to overrate their importance in this respect; and I would enter into the arguments in support of their antiquity now, were it not that I have already exceeded the space at my disposal this month, and it will be difficult to perceive the full force of the reasoning I shall adopt, unless these works are considered together with others on a larger scale, which belong to the same age, and with which they were associated in the same cemetery. It will therefore only be necessary here to observe, that they are unquestionably of the first period of the church; Tertullian, who wrote in the year 150 or 160, referring to them as productions that had once been common, but had been discontinued before his period, on account of the use of glass being superseded by that of metal.

These pictures were in every instance executed on the bottom of either a glass cup or a pateræ, which is understood to have held some portion of the sacramental elements, and to have been deposited in the grave at the same time as its occupant—the consecrated wine and bread being considered as life-giving.



No. 4.



No. 5.

The practice entered into that general expression of the divine hope which it was the effort to depict, under every conceivable form of symbol and allegory, in the places consecrated by the remains of those departed in the faith. Some have considered the use of these cups and pateræ but as the continuance of the pagan practice of burying food with a deceased person, though this would in no way affect the question of the antiquity of these relics. It may be ob-

served, this testimony of Tertullian to the effect that the sacramental cups (in glass) of the first Christians were ornamented with the portraits of our Saviour, would seem to leave the question no longer in doubt. Eusebius, in the fourth century, also mentions the painted images of the apostles, handed down from ancient times on the eucharistic vessels. Again, Irenæus, who lived in the apostolic age, mentions the use of glass cups in the sacred mysteries of the church, and the words, *III E ZHCHC* (Drink, and live), inscribed upon them, are

susceptible of none other than the Christian interpretation.

The causes that operated to preserve these works require particular mention. At the bottom of the glass cup, or plate, was a projecting rim, precisely similar to what may be seen on the same articles in the present day. It was within this rim, on the outside of the vessel, that these figures were depicted: immediately previous to a grave being required, it was covered with a layer of thick mortar (as may be evidenced in many instances, where the

* See Cut 1.

† See Cut 2.

‡ See Cut 3.

mortar shows not only the impression of the body, but of the threads of the linen in which it was wrapped; the glass cup or plate sunk slightly into the mortar, and the golden picture on the bottom being thus embedded, escaped the destructive effects of the atmosphere, which, acting on other parts of the glass vessel, corroded it to such a degree, that on the slightest touch it would fall into thin prismatic fragments, leaving the bottom sound and hard,* but with the mortar adhering to it with such pertinacity, that in many instances it has been judged most prudent to make no attempt at its removal.

The instances of the likeness here given are not intended as examples of complete and expressive portraiture, but only as indicating that there existed at that time a recognised type, or tradition of likeness, which, when the artists or workmen of Rome were acquainted with, they considered it incumbent on them to endeavour to reproduce in their work; and many of them are in fact as good copies as could be expected, considering that they were executed by unpractised workmen,† on a minute scale, and in an intractable material. And these works afford sufficient evidence that the traits of the hair parted in the middle, flowing to the shoulders, and beginning to curl or wave from the ear downward,—the thin beard, the moustache, and the oval face,—were recognised as the distinguishing characteristics of the true likeness, even at that early period.

The illustration representing the raising of Lazarus, and marked No. 1 in the series here given, may be instanced as an example of that early date when no information respecting the actual likeness of our Lord had reached the artist. It will be perceived that the conception of the whole scene, and its mode of treatment,

are rude and unlearned. The absurdly small figure of Lazarus, the mode of delineating the sepulchre, the attitude and general design of the principal figure, were all mere reproductions of the worn-out conventionalities of contemporary pagan Art. It is not, however, without traces of the deep, poetic tone of thought so characteristic of the early Christian church. The figure of Lazarus has already descended the steps of the sepulchre by the sole power of the Divine word, his bandages preventing the use of any muscular exertion. Again, the idea of the tree of life growing out of the tomb is conceived in the happiest vein of allegory. A work in fresco from the catacombs of SS. Achille e Nereo, and a sculpture from the cemetery at Arles, will be given in the next number of the *Art-Journal*, as instances of treating the same subject in a manner so precisely similar, that it is difficult to avoid the belief that all three were copied from some previously existing work. This specimen is executed in gold on a sky-blue ground; and from the mode of spelling the name, added to the reasons which will be given presently, there is cause to believe it to be the production of a period little later than the middle of the first century.

No. 2 is a work in many respects similar to the last, inasmuch as it once formed an ornament to be worn from the neck, and represents either the resurrection of our Lord, or Noah leaving the ark: for the purpose of this argument, it is no matter which. The two marks on the sides of the hands may represent either the two doves liberated by Noah, or the Alpha and Omega: but being almost obliterated, it is now impossible to say which. In this work the likeness (small as it is) is well rendered,

and the execution of the whole is good, though the ark or the sepulchre (the marks of stones would imply the last) is rudely conceived. This and some others are executed in gold on deep ruby glass, and may be ascribed either to the end of the first century or the beginning of the second.

No. 3 is a gold picture on a lilac glass ornament, of the nature of a medal or a locket, intended (as is apparent from the form of the top) to be worn round the neck suspended by a chain or cord: it was in this position that it was found in the tomb of a female, in the catacombs of St. Agnese. Some consider the figure to be that of Jonah; but if it be so, the fact makes but little actual difference, for (as will be explained afterwards) it would, in that case, be still typical of our Saviour, who was often represented under other names, for reasons that were at that time of ample sufficiency. The figure is, however, generally held to represent our Saviour bringing the fruit of the tree of life, and the two marks nearly obliterated on each side of the head can hardly, from their position, be other than the Alpha and Omega indicative of the sacred person; the serpent on the outside (the emblem of eternity) readily lends itself to the same interpretation; and being worn round the neck of a deceased person who was looking in full assurance for the event of which the image is so clearly typical, leaves but little doubt of its real meaning. The true likeness in this work is more apparent than in any of the preceding, although the scale on which it is represented is more minute.

No. 4 may be adduced as an instance of what may appropriately be termed the transition of the type, being apparently executed at a time when some information respecting the more

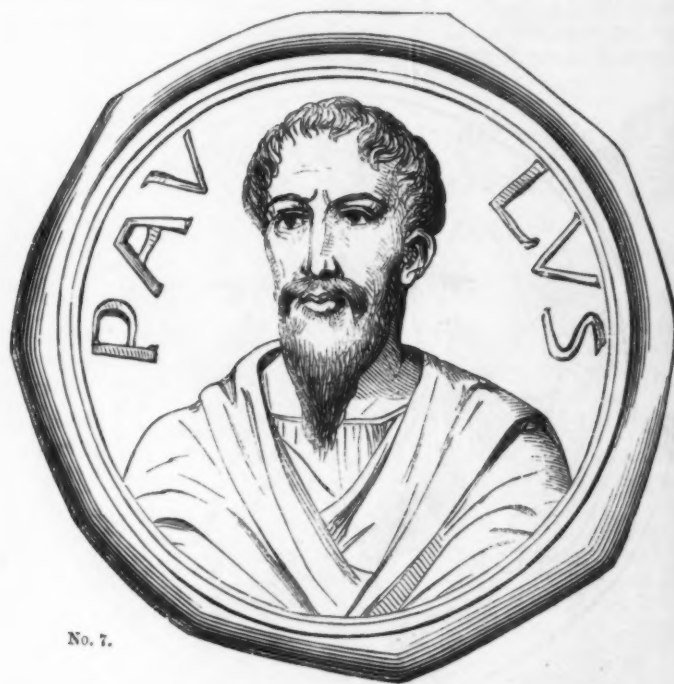


No. 6.

obvious traits in the true likeness had reached Rome, and the artist felt no longer at liberty to adopt the mere conventional type of a Roman youth, but aimed at giving such distinctive features to the portrait as he was able from the partial information that had reached

* Some of these glass vessels, that I brought with me from Rome, are particularly illustrative of this atmospheric action.

† This mode of representing figures in gold upon glass was probably the invention of the first Christians, as no other instances of the art are known to exist.



No. 7.

him. We see in this instance that our Saviour, who is represented as giving the crown of life to St. Peter and St. Paul, is delineated with the hair divided in the middle (distinctly contrary to the fashion of that day), and a beard, being so far an approximation to the true type. On the contrary, the hair is not of the proper length, and the face is too round. One thing to be specially noted is, that the portraits of the two apostles were at that time already depicted under an easily recognised type of character,

as will be seen by comparing this picture with two others which will appear hereafter, in all of which the short curled hair, bald head, and thickset features of St. Peter, are at once discernible, and afford internal evidence of its being a direct portrait likeness. Also in the representation of St. Paul the countenance is scarcely less characteristic: the long, rather scant, and pointed beard, long features, and general expression, all proclaim an effort at producing a recognisable portrait. A number

of other portraits of these apostles exist, in the same compartment of the Vatican, in each of which a prevailing and unmistakable type is obvious at a glance. St. Paul in one instance is certainly represented as slightly bald, while St. Peter is not so; but in other respects the traits of feature and character are identical.

It will be seen that the principal figure is here represented with a nimbus. Certain authorities have referred the first use of this symbol to a later period, but certainly erroneously, as it is clearly established that instances of it may be met with from the earliest centuries; indeed it may be seen on pagan deities of a date antecedent to the Christian era. This work is executed on a bright blue glass, and was taken some years since from the catacombs of St. Sebastian.

The illustration marked No. 5, representing our Saviour bestowing the crown on Timothy and Justus, is given as an example of an advance from the last in the direction of the true likeness, the hair being of the recognised length, and curling on the shoulder. No hair on the lip is apparent, but this appears to be owing to an injury to the work. The two persons here represented—Timothy and Justus—will at once occur to the reader as being mentioned in the Epistles of St. Paul: as it is hardly probable they would have been depicted long after their lives, their introduction here supports the evidence that will be given presently as to the date of these works. The Alpha and the Omega, borrowed doubtless from the imagery of the apocalypse, will be seen on each side of the head of the principal figure. This picture is executed in gold on a beautiful pale green ground.

No. 6. Our Lord changing the water into wine (held at the time to be a type of the change of our body from the corruptible to the incorruptible). This is of the whole series the best executed and the closest approximation to the true likeness; unfortunately, the mouth is obliterated; but the well delineated hair and beard, the shape of the face and features, as far as they are discernible, all evidence the true and recognised character. On the left of the sacred figure is an emblem which has been held to represent the septiform Spirit of God, or the seven spirits that stand before the throne of the Almighty (mentioned in the Revelations). What the emblem on the right signified before it was obliterated, it is now impossible to say. It will be seen that there are here seven vessels represented instead of the "six water pots of stone" mentioned in the Gospel. That this was no unintentional error is certain from the fact, that often as the subject is presented in the Catacombs, seven vessels are invariably introduced. This has been explained by assuming either that the work was executed before an intimate knowledge of St. John's Gospel had become general in the church, or that the narrative was purposely departed from in order to introduce the mystic number—seven; but this last explanation it would be difficult to accept. This picture is executed in gold on a lilac ground, and may be attributed, like the others, to the earliest period of the church.

No. 7 is an excellently executed and most expressive representation of St. Paul. The character and expression in this picture are powerfully and distinctly given; and any portrait painter will at once see that this is a transcript from a recognised type of likeness, as it is certain that shortly before the time it was executed (if not at the very time), St. Paul was a well-known and easily-recognised individual in the streets of Rome, and considering the close resemblance it bears to the many other ancient portraits of this epoch, there can be no reason for rejecting its claim to being, as far as it goes, an authentic portrait. This picture is worked in gold on a dark blue ground.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

MAGNUS'S ENAMELLED SLATE-WORKS.

AMONGST the most valuable quarries of the United Kingdom must be reckoned those producing slate, the most remarkable being those of North Wales. In Merionethshire, in Denbighshire, and in Carnarvonshire are to be found a series of slate formations, which must be regarded as belonging to the oldest of the sedimentary rocks. These have been classed by geologists under the terms of Cambrian and Silurian rocks, the former term being applied by Professor Sedgwick to the rocks investigated by him, while the latter term has been adopted by Sir Roderick I. Murchison to indicate the extensive rock formations spreading from Carnarvonshire in the south to Carnarvonshire in the north of Wales, and stretching into some of the adjoining English counties. Most of our readers will be familiar with the Lake of Llanberis, and the Pass of that name. Here are seen in a very striking manner the purplish and gray slate rocks, which contain the best roofing slates in the world. The well-known quarries of the late T. Assheton Smith are here; while a few miles distant are the yet more remarkable quarries of the Hon. Colonel Douglas Pennant. Numerous other quarries of slate and slabs are worked in the above-named counties.

In several parts of England slate rocks are worked for roofing slates and slabs, the principal quarries being in Cornwall, Devonshire, and Leicestershire. In Scotland the Ballachulish and Easdale slates of Argyleshire are the best known; these and some other quarries on the property of Lord Breadalbane producing not less than 10,000,000 slates annually.

It may not be considered out of place to state here some of the physical peculiarities of the slate formation. The enormous masses of slate rocks which stretch from north to south in Wales,—which exist as mountains in Westmoreland and Cumberland,—which are largely developed in Cornwall and Devonshire,—which form some of the most remarkable features of the scenery of Scotland,—which are no less striking in their character and extensive in their range in Ireland, are evidently the result of deposition from water.

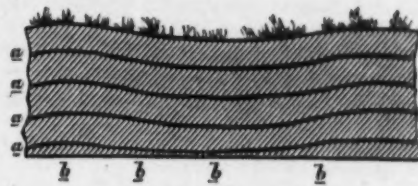
Rocks of yet more remote antiquity have been worn down by the beating of tempests and the rush of torrents. Their debris has been borne onward by rivers to a widespread ocean, and there slowly it has been deposited, until a thickness of many thousand feet has been accumulated.

Any one who has observed the deposit of recent mud cannot have failed to remark the uniform arrangement of the layers. We find the same thing in the older rock formations—layer upon layer they have been deposited; and upon the surface of these beds we often find indications of the rippling of water, the crawling of worms, and even the beating of rain drops. Thus rocks which were formed in periods so far removed from our own that the mind can scarcely grasp the immensity of years, bear recorded upon their tablets the phenomena of meteorological changes, and the evidences of life.

The peculiar character of a roofing slate does not depend, however, on those planes of deposit. Many sandstones in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and elsewhere will split up into thin lamina, which are in the order of bedding, and these are sufficiently coherent to be used for covering buildings, for paving, and such purposes; they, however, are not true slates.

Roofing slates are rarely produced by splitting up the rock in the lines of deposit. They more commonly result from lines of cleavage which run at some angle, greater or less, across

the lines of bedding; a small diagram will render this intelligible.



a a a a are the lines in which the deposit has taken place, while the cleavage planes are shown by the lines *b b b b*. It is usually found that the best roofing slates are obtained from those rocks in which the cleavage planes are nearly at right angles to the planes of deposit, and where they approach more closely to each other the rocks generally give the best slabs.

Much discussion has arisen amongst geologists on the phenomena of slaty cleavage; some have referred it to electrical action, and experiment has shown that this peculiar structure can be produced by the long continued action of electrical currents; others have referred the cleavage planes to merely mechanical force, and hence have referred this peculiarity in rocks to the enormous pressure to which they have been subjected. This is somewhat supported by the fact, that where, from the protrusion of igneous rocks through the slaty deposit, there has been evidently enormous lateral pressure, the rocks have a more perfect cleavage than the same rocks existing at such a distance as to be, to some extent, relieved from the influence of the pressing force. This is not, however, the place to discuss the merits of these theories; sufficient that we have stated them.

This exceedingly useful material, which has quite a national character, has assumed of late years a more important position than it has ever previously done. Beyond its ordinary use for covering roofs, it has been extensively employed in the construction of cisterns, for paving where great durability was required, for billiard tables, and many other useful and important purposes. We purpose in this article describing an ornamental manufacture of great interest connected with our native product, that is Magnus's Enamelled Slate.

The history of this manufacture is curious and instructive, showing the influence exerted by one man in the creation of a new industry, and giving an example of the power of a fixed purpose to overcome the greatest difficulties.

It appears that in 1838 the attention of Mr. Magnus was drawn to the peculiar properties of slate. Its great strength, its smooth satin-like surface, its non-absorbent character, the ease with which it could be chiselled, planed, and turned in the lathe, and the large size of the slabs obtainable, all pointed to uses of a different kind to those which had hitherto prevailed. If a more cheerful aspect than that which slate presented could be given to it, there was evidently a widely extended field for its use. The first experiments were devoted to polishing the natural surface, but the best result of those experiments was to produce a soft ebony-like appearance. Mr. Magnus had obtained some knowledge of the application of vitrifiable pigments during a residence in the Potteries; and his next experiments were devoted to the production of glazed surfaces by artificial means.

It was at first necessary to determine the action of heat on slate itself; it was found that it would, when the experiment was made with care, endure a heat equal to 500° Fahr., and at this temperature it was necessary to float a surface of enamel composition on the slab, which after being properly diffused, would, when cold, take a very high polish, resist the action of the ordinary atmospheric changes,

and be sufficiently hard and firm to endure the ordinary accidents of wear without injury. In 1839 Mr. Magnus patented his invention, but since that time he has introduced so many improvements that the process may now be regarded as altogether a new one. These improvements have not been patented, Mr. Magnus working them by the means of men and boys educated by himself, and proceeding step by step under his own directions.

The details of the process, and the composition of the enamels are Mr. Magnus's own, and with these it would not become us to deal, but a general and sufficient outline of the operations may be given.

Slabs of the most perfect character are selected; they are prepared by sawing, chiselling, and planing. They are then polished with the utmost care, and when the best possible surface is produced, they pass into the hands of the enameller.

Enamelling on metal plates consists in fusing on their surface vitreous compounds coloured by metallic oxides, producing thus a coloured glass. The metallic enameller has to work on a material which will stand any degree of heat without risk of fracture, but this is not the case with slate. In slate we have a material which is liable, as every one knows, when heated to break off in fragments; it is therefore necessary to use great care in applying the heat, so that there shall be no irregularity in its action, and still more caution is required in raising the temperature to a sufficient degree to effect the perfect fusion of the enamel. The enamel flows uniformly over the whole surface, and it may be supposed the great difficulty was overcome, but the cooling process is one demanding yet greater attention than the heating. The slabs pass through cooling ovens, in which uniform high temperatures are preserved, each one being graduated considerably below the preceding, until the enamel is perfectly solid, hard, and firm. This surface is now submitted to polishing processes until the utmost amount of reflecting power is obtained.

In Mr. Magnus's works in Pimlico we see the slate in every stage of preparation, from the rough slab as it is brought from the Welsh quarries to the most highly elaborated surface. The designs are executed in various styles, and accordingly the processes vary in many respects from each other; in some the conditions of inlaying are to be obtained, in others the production of entire surfaces representing some natural, perhaps rare, and consequently expensive stone.

The imitations of British and Italian marbles, of granites, serpentine, and porphyry, are so good, that the most practised eye may be deceived by them. Marbling has been produced with remarkable success, by a process of floating mineral colours upon a fluid prepared to receive them. By this invention, a single individual can marble twenty chimney-pieces in one morning—more true to nature than any grainer could produce a single slab in the same time.

In the Jarois' Report of the Great Exhibition of 1851, are some interesting particulars, which we transcribe, as showing the processes by which Mr. Magnus has educated his artists.

"Though not brought up to any business or profession, I had, in my youth, studied drawing, *con amore*, under Cardelli, fellow-pupil of Canova, a sculptor of great talent, and an excellent draughtsman. I was thus rendered competent to direct and form artists. I believe those in my employ would do credit to any establishment, whether continental or British. My principal designer, when I took him into my employ, was a plasterer; my chief grainer a baker; and my best imitator of Florentine mosaics a poor boy—one of four ragged

urchins, that an old Irishwoman had besought me to put to any kind of work."

This passage proves what may be done in the way of training the most crude material. Mr. Magnus has effected two important works,—he has given a much higher value to slate than it hitherto possessed, and he has succeeded in showing that out of nature's roughest minds may be produced artistic powers, exhibiting, in some cases, rare excellence.

Many years have naturally been expended in bringing the enamelled slate into general use. The difficulties were many: architects were cautious in adopting a new and untried production. This manufacture also interfered with many trades. The stone-mason lost a part of his trade in chimney-pieces; the marble-mason saw the probability of enamelled slate superseding foreign marbles; the plumber found slate cisterns and flats take the place of lead; the plasterer, and worker in scagliola, saw columns, pilasters, and plinths of slate, excelling his imitations of nature: halls and vestibules were lined with a material more brilliant, and possessing greater permanency, than his own.

The public were assured—and they feared—that the enamelled slate would not stand the heat requisite for chimney-pieces; that it would chip, blister, and lose its polish. After fifteen years' trial it is found that the slate does not chip nearly so readily as marble; that it does not blister, and that its polish will remain, even when it is placed in damp apartments; where every atom of polish would disappear from the surface of marble.

This valuable material has been applied to chimney-pieces, plain and ornamented. Some merely imitate the black Derbyshire marble, others almost realize the finest ornamental stones with which we are acquainted. Others, again, are in imitation of Florentine work. From the plain, cheap, and useful chimney-pieces to the most ornamental and costly, every description can be obtained. And every taste may be gratified; for here are such as exhibit the most elaborate designs, and, consequently, command the high prices due to artistic excellence. *Stone fronts, moveable, cabinet, and pedestal stoves, pilasters, plinths, columns, linings for halls, vestibules, dairies, and the like*, are amongst the list of articles produced.

Beyond these, and of a higher order, we may mention baths, baptistries, altar tablets, pedestals, brackets, and ornamental slabs for loo tables.

In concluding this short notice of a most interesting manufacture, we are bound to express our admiration of the unwearied industry and sleepless energy, by means of which difficulties of no ordinary kind have been overcome. A rude material has been exalted into one distinguished by artistic beauty. Refined taste has been bestowed on the production of articles for daily use, which can be sold to the public at the most moderate prices. Thus a new kind of industry has been created, new labour has been found for many amongst the masses of the metropolis, and fresh labourers have been obtained from the lower classes, to aid in the production of refined works of Art.

This manufacture—truly an Art-manufacture—presents the pleasing feature of dealing with the productions of our own country—of dealing with slates taken from the most picturesque districts of these most varied islands; and, by the educated labour of our own people, of producing a result which attends every effort of correct taste—that of enabling us to use a material creation as a source of pleasure to the eye, as a means of refinement to the mind.

ROBERT HUNT.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE DUENNA.

G. S. Newton, R.A., Painter. C. H. Jeens, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 2 ft. by 1 ft. 8 in.

HAD Newton's life reached to the number of years usually allotted to man, he would, doubtless, have left a name second to none in the English school for the excellence of his pictures. His, however, was a comparatively short career: he died in 1835, in the pride of his manhood, having scarcely attained the fortieth year of his age; but during his residence among us he rapidly rose into favour, and, at the time of his death, had gained the highest Academical honours.

Gilbert Stewart Newton was a native of Halifax, in Nova Scotia: he came to England about the year 1820, and entered as a student in the Royal Academy. It would appear that he adopted the works of Watteau as models, in his earlier pictures, for the compositions of the two painters have a forcible resemblance, though Newton's figures have a more distinctive and expressive character than those of the French artist, while retaining the affectedness of the latter. The pictures which first brought Newton into notice were 'The Forsaken' and 'The Lovers' Quarrel,' both of which were engraved, in 1826, for the annual called 'The Literary Souvenir.' Three or four years afterwards he exhibited a picture which gained him much distinction, 'The Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina;' it was also engraved in another volume of the same publication, and was purchased by the Duke of Bedford, who paid the sum of 500 guineas for it. His other principal works are 'Shylock and Jessica,' 'The Abbot Boniface, Portia, and Bassano,' 'Lear attended by Cordelia and the Physician,' 'Yorick and the Grisette,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield restoring his Daughter to her Mother,' 'Captain Macheath,' this last was bought by the Marquis of Lansdowne, for the same sum as the Duke of Bedford's picture. Newton also painted several excellent portraits: he began, on his arrival in England, with works of this class; and, in a letter from his countryman, Washington Irving, to the late C. R. Leslie, dated from Paris, in December, 1820, Irving says,—"Powell speaks of some fine portrait which he (Newton) has painted of a gentleman, and which is considered his *chef d'œuvre*, but does not say whose portrait it is. I hope it is some one of consequence, that may get him into notice." The portrait, however, as we learn from Leslie's answer, was that of Powell himself, and is spoken of by Leslie as "perhaps the best, as to likeness, the 'childe'"—a cognomen given to Newton by his intimate friends—"has painted."

The letters published in a work which has recently made its appearance, "Leslie's Autobiographical Recollections," from which the above passage is copied, show, as the editor, Mr. Tom Taylor, says, "the strong attachment of Leslie, Irving, and their 'set.' The 'childe' is G. S. Newton, now (1821) in the rapid development of his great but short-lived power, and materially influencing the colour of Leslie, as is apparent from a comparison of his earlier with his later pictures, when Constable's white chalk had got the better of him."

Newton's last picture at the Royal Academy, of which he was a member, was 'Abelard,' painted in 1833: it was about this time he exhibited symptoms of deranged intellect, and these were soon followed by decided insanity, from which he recovered only four days before his death; this occurred at Chelsea, in August, 1835. During this dark period he was, however, able occasionally to employ his pencil.

His picture of the 'Duenna,' though a small and comparatively unimportant work, is a good example of his style: the subject illustrates the well-known proverb, "The course of true love never did run smooth." The young lady has been interrupted, by an unsympathising elderly watcher, in what was doubtless an agreeable conversation with her lover at the window, from which she is moving away with unmistakable reluctance. The costume of the period—in these days of capacious female draperies—gives to the younger figure an attenuated and stiff appearance; but the expression and attitude well sustain the sentiment of the subject: the elder lady is a capital and picturesque study.

The 'Duenna' is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.



G. S. NEWTON. R.A. PINXT

C. H. JEENS. SCULPT

THE DUENNA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE



TURNING POINTS IN THE LIVES
OF GREAT ARTISTS.

No. I.—FLAXMAN AND THE GOLD MEDAL.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH
ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

INTRODUCTION.

JOHN FLAXMAN, one of the greatest sculptors England has produced, was the son of a poor plaster figure-maker, and was born in York, 1755. Taken notice of as a poor, clever, invalid boy, of great promise, and with a taste for Art, by the Rev. Mr. Mathew—as Nollekens Smith, that most delightful of all antiquarian Art-gossippers, tells us—he was encouraged to make designs from Homer, and from Greek plays. His first statue was an 'Alexander the Great,' executed for a Mr. Knight, in Portland Place. After his marriage with Miss Denman, in 1782, the young sculptor left his humble home in Wardour Street, and went to Rome to study, incited, it is said, by that incorrigible old bachelor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, warning him that when an artist once married, he relinquished study, and betook himself to manufacture and money-making—a bitter remark, but true, if taken with a grain or two of restrictive salt.

The present scene is intended to depict the conceit and arrogance of Flaxman's early youth. On a certain occasion (1781), when he competed with one Engleheart, for the Academy's gold medal, he lost it entirely by his intolerable self-confidence, and the dangerous contempt he foolishly entertained of his adversary. His mortification and subsequent amendment—an amendment that led him at once to greatness—I have tried to relate, in a *quasi* dramatic form. The incidents are carefully founded on fact.

SCENE I.

The Flaxman Oyster-Supper.

A humble room in the house of Flaxman's father—the plaster figure-seller in the Strand, opposite Durham Yard, the night of the presentation of the gold medal at the Academy. The supper-table, glistening under the unusual light of four tallow candles, groans with two piles of Colchester oysters, three crisp loaves, and some fresh-smelling pats of country butter, whose medallioned surfaces are stamped with figures, beautiful as cameos—thanks to Flaxman junior. There are four guests present, besides the thoughtful old cast-seller, and the chairman of the happy, and, of course (what fool doubts it?) triumphant evening, the young competitor for

THE GREAT ACADEMIC GOLD MEDAL,

this night to be presented. The patron of the Flaxmans, the Rev. Mr. Mathew, unfortunately could not come; but Stothard and Blake are both there, with two unknown artists, whom we will call *A.* and *B.* Before each one, on the snowy cloth, lies the top of an oyster barrel, a rough glass-cloth, and a short, broad oyster-knife; for every one here in Liberty Hall helps himself, and is free and happy.

The hero of the evening is a lame, thin strippling, with good, luminous eyes, and a prominent, full forehead. His dark hair is combed down over his shoulders; but he wears no powder, and despises wigs. His coat is plain claret colour, and of almost Quakerly simplicity. All but the hero are occupied; *A.* and *B.* are spluttering about, in kindly, but vain, attempts to open the obdurate shell-fish. Flaxman senior, stealing now and then a glance of pride at the hero, who leans back and sketches the group on the back of a letter, is fussily busy, spreading thick bread and butter for the whole party. Blake, the visionary and poet, has opened one oyster,

and having discovered a nest of water fairies inside its pearly casket, is dreaming over it in a brown study. Stothard, gentle and kind, is pursuing the oyster opening with quiet success, and fans of opened mollusca (like washed-out peacocks' tails, as Mr. Mayhew so cleverly and fancifully has it) lie spread before him.

Presently, as Sally enters, blooming from the cold river wind, with five pots of stout in silvery pewter, from the "Three Cocked Hats," in Salisbury Street, the openers lay down their weapons, Blake yields up his dream, Stothard laughs and points to his successes, and *A.* and *B.* desist from their Sisyphean labour; to them, with proud self-confidence, Flaxman junior, clapped on the back by his father, raises his head, and shows a clever caricature drawing of all the group, which *A.* and *B.* say, with one voice,

"Is too bad, John!"

Now, with semicircular bites, blowing of froth, sifting of sneezy pepper, and libations to Neptune of vinegar, the supper commences in earnest.

But before I report the conversation of men now dead, and so break the confidence of Hades, let me draw attention to two or three professional facts, not unimportant to those who would wish to view the scene once more, and through my eyes.

The room is a small room, with a brown smoked ceiling, and with a glass door, green-curtained, through which you can catch occasional glimpses of the white figures in the outer shop, met as in eternal and silent parliament. There are all my old friends: the careful bending Discobolus, with a quoit like a huge white bun in his poised hand; 'Laocoon & Co.,' involved in a very chancery suit of snakes; the 'Dying Gladiator,' conscious of death, and dying by thick sobs; the 'Venus,' with the little doll-head; the 'Apollo,' the divine dancing-master; the anonymous 'Torso,' with his packed-up trunk; the 'Wrestlers,' tangled together in angry interlacement; the 'Fighting Gladiator,' ready even to scale heaven; the 'Apollino,' fawn-like and beautiful; the 'Hercules,' exhibiting his matchless muscles; and the 'Antinous,' a fop trying to look the god.

Nor, indeed, is the supper-room too without some overflowings of shop about it. On the wall hangs a cast of the huge arm of Michael Angelo's 'Moses,' over the side-board are strung hands and skulls, and plaster studies of the 'Dying Alexander,' and Niobe, and the Diana. On the mantelpiece stare the grim heads of Verus and Caracalla; and over the sofa are some anatomical studies of legs and arms, in strong action, and painted in dull blue and red.

"I wish, dear John," said Flaxman senior, suddenly breaking from a discussion as to how many sovereigns the gold medal would weigh, "that our dear friend, Mr. Mathew, could be here to-night, to share our pleasure and triumph."

"He is a clever man," said the victor, gulping down an oyster, "and gives nice parties, where one can really see somebody."

"How well I remember that blessed day, John, when he came into my shop—"

"More oysters, father?" broke in the irreverent hero, dreading an old and, perhaps, what might at this special juncture of success, be called rather a derogatory story.

"Just a few, John. We lived in New Street, Covent Garden, then, and he came with a 'Cupid and Psyche' that he wanted mended; I remember Psyche's right arm was broken. We were talking pleasantly enough about Rome, when—"

"Oh never mind all that, father, now; I no longer require Reverend Mr. Mathew; I'm an Academy gold medallist; and besides people—"

"Nonsense, John; Mr. Blake, do you—"

"Oh, pray tell it all through, Mr. Flaxman," said Blake; "I like to hear how dear Jack got on."

"Well, we were talking about the Borghese and the Aldobrandini, and so on, pleasantly enough, when who should give a little low cough, quite down behind the counter, but you, John. He was a poor little pale fellow on crutches then, Mr. Stothard; and there he was, seated in a baby chair, with a large folio Virgil propped up on a big chair before him, on which he had put his little weak legs."

"I wish you wouldn't go on, father," breaks in the hero, rather petulantly; "why am I always to be reminded of my crutches?"

"No, you wouldn't think, Mr. Blake, to see John now—a gold medallist, and not unlikely to be a great sculptor too one of these days—that he was ever a poor cripple; but there, God is good, and what I say is—well, John, I won't, if it makes you angry; yet why should it?—So the reverend gentleman, looking kindly over the counter—for the coughing had startled him—asked John, 'What book are you reading, my little boy?' 'A Latin one—Virgilius Maro,' said John, rising on his crutches."

"There you go again, father."

"Don't, John; give me another glass of stout. 'I'm trying to learn Latin, Sir,' said John. 'Indeed!' replied the reverend gentleman, quite pleased like, 'then I'll bring you a Horace to-morrow;' and so he did, and from that time to this he has been one of John's best friends."

"Got him the 'Alexander' to do for Mr. Knight," says *A.*

"And the drawings for Mr. Crutchley," chimes in *B.*

"When John was only six, I remember him too," says Flaxman senior, with honest paternal pride, "standing between Mr. Smith's knees, and looking at his antique seal. Presently he up with his little demure coaxing face, and says to Smith, 'Oh, Mr. Smith, let me take a squeeze from your blue seal. Father often gives me impressions, and allows me to look at them when I'm not busy with my Delectus and Latin exercises.'"

"Then he used to go to Rathbone Place, didn't he, Mr. Flaxman?" says Stothard, "and draw from Homer, while Mrs. Mathew read it to him."

"Surely, surely," says the father, "John never cared for toys; but put him down before a cast, and he would sit an hour at a time watching it."

"Is not that Dying Alexander like 'a lost spirit,' honoured sir?" says Blake, suddenly, to Flaxman senior.

"I really never saw one, Mr. Blake—by the bye, Sally, get out the spirits," says the matter-of-fact man to the visionary—"the spoons, Sally, and do mind the water boils."

"Now, Stothard, what do you think of my 'Fury of Athamas'?" says the hero, who feels it time to appear on the stage. "Do you think it really is my best work, as all the fellows seem to say?"

"I do, Jack; full of the classical spirit, and animated with quite a Michael Angelesque spirit, though less violent."

"But not tame—not at all tame?" nervously asks the self-crowned hero.

"No, not the least tame; but—"

"What but?"

"Why, I think the right leg of Athamas has the patella a trifle too—"

"No, just right; rather too high, if possible."

"Oh, excellent; leg the best part," said *A.*

"By Jove, splendid leg," says *B.*, who, like *A.*, is a friend of the family, and a wholesale admirer and hanger-on of Flaxman junior.

"There are weak points, Mr. Stothard," says the father; "but you are wrong about the leg

—oh, certainly wrong about John's leg; a low patella is a beauty; you see it in the 'Epaminondas' of Apollodorus."

"I dare say, my dear sir, I am wrong," says the defeated Stothard amicably. "I'm sure that John knows a great deal more about patellas than I do; still I—John, some more brown bread and butter. Thank you."

"I met De Vere this morning," says the hero that is to be, "just by Exeter Change, and he said to me, 'Flaxman, you are certain of the gold medal.' Now De Vere is never wrong. I say, father, it isn't seven yet, is it? I must be at the Academy by half-past seven."

"No, John, it wants thirteen minutes. Sally, get John some water to wash his hands; and see if my silver-laced hat—my small one—will fit him; we must send the boy smart."

"But, by the by, John," says the father, suddenly knitting his brows, for more serious thought and on higher things than oysters, "you have been so busy all this blessed afternoon, running up and down the Strand, telling all your friends about your gold medal, that you have quite forgot to tell me how you got on this morning at the Academy, modelling with Engleheart before the Keeper, to prove you really did 'the Fury of Athamas' yourself."

"Who was Athamas?" says A., irrelevantly. "Oh, a King of Thebes who went mad, to be sure; what a silly question!" says the hero, magnificently. "Well, I'll tell you: I and that stupid German fellow, Engleheart, met at the door of Somerset House just as the clock struck ten. 'How do you, Mr. Flaxman?' says he, with his nasty German brogue. I replied, 'Pretty well, sir, I thank you,' in a high sort of manner, for I wanted to show him his proper position. And there, do you know, father, the vulgarian had really got a great lump of clay in a red handkerchief, and his modelling tools were sticking out of his waistcoat pocket!"

"I'm a plain man myself," says Flaxman senior, "and I see no harm in that; but he is a dull, plodding fellow. By the by, John, just look at that arm of Moses; how it stands out against the wall. Do you know I should like to see you get more of the large Angelesque manner."

"I don't care much for Michael Angelo myself, father; I prefer the Apollo by far. But to go on. Well, we began; we were to have four hours, and the subject was 'Edipus led by Antigone'; I and Engleheart agreeing to show each other our work at the end of the two first hours. I worked away like a lion, brought the thing in shape in the time, got the composition and attitudes all right; then off I stepped to Engleheart's stand, at the other end of the room."

"Blake, poke the fire, there's a lad," said Stothard.

Blake, thinking he sees a devil staring out of a red coal, pokes meditatively.

"I wish people wouldn't keep interrupting one. Well, when I got to Engleheart, I found him with a bit of clay, like an unfinished candlestick, before him. Only think, father! and the big German zany, with his head between his hands, was trying to think."

"Avec la physiognomie d'un mouton qui reve?" suggests Stothard, laughing.

"By George, sir, he had not even commenced, yet two whole hours gone, and I half finished. 'Oh, Mr. Flaxman,' says he, 'how difficult it is to do anything new in this old world!' 'I dare say you find it so,' I said; ha! ha!"

"Did you really," chime in the small parasites, A. and B.

"Oh, you were very hard on the German," says the father, too lenient to the silly and rather unfeeling arrogance of the hero.

"That Engleheart is an evil spirit of the

third class," said Blake, suddenly looking up from his meditations.

"Oh, nonsense, Blake," said Stothard; "why, then, don't you take spirits of the first class?" pushing to him the bottle.

"I shall never, I suppose, be allowed by the talkative Mr. Stothard, to finish my story. From that moment I knew the medal was mine; though I must say the Keeper said there were good points in Engleheart's 'Edipus', but his Antigone was a mere little kitchen wench compared to my classical figure."

"'Edipus,'" said Blake, gravely, "was a good spirit of the second class."

"Oh, nonsense, Blake, do be quiet with your classifications! Who gave you a look at heaven's prize list?"

"The same man, John, who gave you the gold medal."

"John, John, that's a palpable hit!" said the father; "who knows that we are not, after all, counting our chickens before they are hatched?"

"No! no!" chorus A. and B., chinking their spoons against their glasses.

"I wish John would wear a proper wig," said Stothard; "he does not look quite like a good spirit in his own hair—at least so Blake says."

"Oh, Stothard, I didn't say so! I shall give up wigs too, for they were the invention of the evil spirits."

"Chickens before they're hatched," sulked John; "well I'm sure, father! perhaps you all think I had better not have tried."

"No, John, we don't," says the father; "only you are just a little too self-confident; the best men may fail, you know. I want to see your touch in carving squarer and bolder; I want more of the Donatello simplicity—more of the grace of—"

"Oh, I dare say, father; you want to see me Phidias and Della Robbia, and Bernini, altogether. But I must be starting. Where are my lace ruffles, Sally, and the court sword? And tie up my hair again—this ribbon is too loose. Where shall we keep the medal, father?"

[JOHN retires to wash his hands, grandly, and with an air of injured greatness.

A. And now John is gone, will you tell me, Mr. Flaxman, who Athamas was, and all about him; for you see, firework-making for Vauxhall, though it cultivates the taste, does not leave one much time for the classics.

Flaxman senior (with an oratorical voice). It is all related in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," a book of great antiquity, and thoroughly to be relied on. Athamas (the "a" is short), the son of Æolus, was a King of Thebes—Thebes, in Boeotia—and he married Ino, of whom Juno became jealous."

"Why?" says irrational A.

"Ovid does not tell us; but the Greek gods seem to have been of an uncertain and envious temper, and to have always got jealous of fortunate people, such as millionnaires, and ladies with large families. So Juno, being, for this or that, jealous, sends Tisiphone, one of the Furies—"

"Fourth class," says Blake, anxiously.

"And afflicted him with temporary madness. In this state, suddenly springing from the bath, he imagines that Ino is a lioness, and her two children dangerous whelps. Learchus, the younger, he seizes by the leg and dashes his brains out against a wall; Melicerta, the eldest, Ino escapes with, and, hurling herself with him from a cliff into the sea, is turned into a marine deity."

"And nobly John treated it," says B., rather ashamed of A.'s ignorance, but not at all of his own.

"Yes," said the father, "he followed my advice I think judiciously in the general contour. Not that John is too modest, or very easily led. The attitude of Athamas is very

fine: one leg is thrown sharply forward, the other strained behind; the sartorius, or tailor's muscle, is beautifully shown on the left thigh; the ligament of the right leg, too, finely felt, as like an anklet it clasps round and compresses the springing cords of the limb strongly in motion. Oh, it is a triumph! Then the way the child hangs, struggling, at his back; by Jupiter, you can almost see it move! That boy will one day—"

Re-enter FLAXMAN, in full dress, and swelling with importance, and adjusting his cocked hat.

"Good bye, father, and all. I shall be back, boys, in ten minutes, with the gold medal."

[Exit. "God bless and guard him," says the father. "Amen," says Stothard.

"Keep the evil spirits of the fourth class specially from him, O Omnipotent," prays Blake.

A. and B. Three cheers for John Flaxman, the gold medallist for 1781!

SCENE II.

The Academy Lecture Room, Somerset House.

The dons in full dress, powder and gold, swords, and all other falals, are seated in conclave for the distribution of prizes. The surging sea of students subsides into silence as the President, reading from a list, says—

"The gold medal for 17—"

A buzz as Flaxman, a little late, fussily enters, wipes his face, nods to a dozen or two friends, and shakes some twenty outstretched hands. A buzz again, as the President, having mislaid the right paper, at last finds it, and begins reading. The Keeper takes from the table the great shining gold medal, and prepares it for the President to hand to the victor. A dead silence.

(PRESIDENT reads in a slow, mechanical voice, glancing up at FLAXMAN. ENGLEHEART is paring his nails in a corner.)

"The gold medal for 17—, for the best model of 'The Fury of Athamas,' is given to (here he takes snuff)—given to HERMAN ENGLEHEART. At the same time the Council would observe that, in spite of some hurry and trifling faults, Mr. Flaxman's work, though not sufficiently learned and careful, shows great talent."

SCENE III.

The Keeper and an ACADEMICIAN over their wine, in a snug sanctum at Somerset House.

Keeper. Well, do you know, Cotes, after all though, like you, I am sorry for some things; I am glad Engleheart got the "GOLD," though industry is really almost his only merit; I think it will do that young man, John Flaxman, a world of good, and take a little of that insolent conceit out of him. Why, he cares no more for an Academician than—. Take some more wine, and I'll ring the bell for another bottle. There's a deuced deal in that fellow; and now he'll work more, and talk less. 'Pon my word though, I couldn't bear to see him mope out of the room when Engleheart, red as fire, strode up and took the medal from the President. Here, Tom, take the key of the cellar, and get two more of the Yellow Seal; take care of the candle.

SCENE IV.

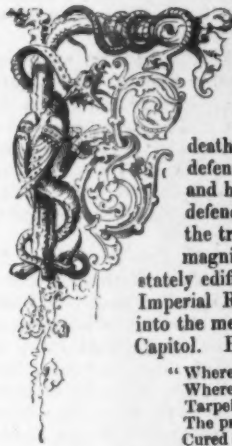
The Oyster-Supper at FLAXMAN senior's again. Same dramatic personae as before. Enter the hero, slowly; his cocked hat over his eyes, his hands deep in his pockets.

Father (eagerly). Well, John. Hallo! Are you ill? What has happened? What! Not—eh? Not! Why—eh?

The hero (quite chafallen). Father, I was a conceited jackanapes! Engleheart is twice as clever as I am! Engleheart got the gold medal! I shall never do anything! I'll join Askew, firework-making—I'll list—(bursts into an agony of tears).

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XI. THE CAPITOL.



EW parts of Rome evidence more distinctly and impressively the vicissitudes of time and change, than the locality known for centuries as the Capitol, or Mons Capitolium. To the student of ancient history this spot recalls events that are renowned in story—the treachery of Tarpeia, and her death from the iron pile of Sabine shields; the noble defence of Marcus Manlius, when the Gauls attacked it, and his subsequent execution at the place he so heroically defended; the sacrificial offerings of the Roman rulers; the triumphal processions of victorious commanders; the magnificent temples dedicated to the deities, and the other stately edifices contributing to the greatness of Consular and Imperial Rome: all these objects and these incidents crowd into the memory of the past when we read or talk of the old Capitol. But—

"Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian! fittest goal of treason's race;
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero."

Notwithstanding the change ages have wrought in the scene, there is no spot in Rome which offers a wider field for thought, or presents a more ample display of objects worthy of admiration. Standing on the top of the tower called the "Tower of the Capitol,"—the *Campidoglio*, as it is now termed,—the eye ranges over a panoramic view: on one side the city of the dead, on the other, that of the living; on one side all that remains of the glory of the Caesars, on the other, all which testifies to the power and grandeur of the Popes: in front, palaces and temples, and churches reared by the genius of Bramante, Michel Angelo, Raffaele, and other great names; behind, spectral columns, crushed arches, mouldering walls, and ruined shrines.

"Ages and realms are crowded in this
span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of glory's gewgaws shining in the
van,
Till the sun's rays with added flame
were filled."

Let us ascend the tower, and examine a little more in detail what comes within the range of our vision. Of the seven hills which constitute the well-known topographical features of the "eternal city," three, the most northern, are covered with buildings of comparatively modern date, which also extend over the low lands, stretching onwards to the Tiber, and beyond it; while on the other four stand all that remains of the ancient city, with a few edifices of more recent construction. We will look at these first.

Almost beneath our feet lies the Forum, the heart, as it has been called, of old Rome; not because it was in the centre of the city, but on account of the national importance it assumed in the history of the people. That grand and massive gateway immediately below, is the Arch of Septimius Severus, which a line of stunted elm-trees connects, at the other end, with the arches of Titus and Constantine.* This walk or avenue is the *Via Sacra*; about midway, on the left of it, are the remains of the Temple of Remus. To the right of the Arch of Severus, and somewhat nearer to us, are the three remaining columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the eight columns which formed a part of the Temple of Concord. A little in advance of the Arch of Severus is the beautiful single column that Byron speaks of as

"The nameless column, with a buried base;"

it has since been ascertained to be the Column of Phocas. Beyond this stand

* These arches, and several other ancient remains, are illustrated and described in the volume of the *Art-Journal* for 1859.

the three beautiful Corinthian columns which have long been the subject of archaeological discussion: until very lately they were considered to be a portion of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, but more recent research has led many antiquarians to associate them with the Temple of Minerva Chalcidica, erected by Augustus in connection with the Curia Julia. At the farther extremity of the *Via Sacra*, and at a short distance from it, on the left, rises the noble ruin of the Coliseum: many other ruins are scattered about on both sides, intermingled with more modern buildings; and beyond, the eye travels over the plain of Latium, once the scene of many important historic events, but now the desolate and deserted *Campagna*, through which the "yellow Tiber" wends its way. Still further are visible the lake and the modern town of Albano, with the wooded heights which encompass the former; the plain known as "Hannibal's Camp," several villages, and Castel Gandolfi, where the popes have a summer palace; and the whole view is bounded by the range of the Sabian and Latian hills.

Assuming, as the most recent writers on Roman history now do, that much of what we had learned to consider as truths in the earliest annals of the people, is little else than fiction, yet how large a portion is there left to dwell upon as facts, and which thought can again summon into existence as we gaze on the grass-covered area of the Forum, and onwards into the far-distant horizon. Macaulay, in the preface to his "Lays of Ancient Rome," says,—that "what is called the history of the Kings and Consuls of Rome is, to a great extent, fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that more than three hundred and fifty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after this destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of the Augustan age did not possess those materials, without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. Those writers own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles which were never fought, and consuls that were never inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in these chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue

of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances, a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will, perhaps, be inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions of Rome, the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion. As he draws nearer and nearer to the confines of authentic history he will become less and less hard of belief: he will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth; but he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character, more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creation of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live."

Yet it is far from pleasant to have all the romance of ancient Rome dispersed by the magic wand of the inexorable historian, who will not admit into his annals what he has not good ground for believing to be truths; all those exciting and wonderful narratives which even the exercises and impositions of our school days, and the stern rule of our classical preceptor—and a hard taskmaster we well remember our own to have been—failed to rob of their absorbing interest: it is not agreeable, we say, to be now told that such incidents as the following, to quote

Macaulay again, are little else than poetical fictions:—"The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War; the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide; the rape of the Sabines; the death of Tarpeia; the fall of Hostus Hostilius; the struggle of Mettius Curtius through the marsh; the women rushing, with torn raiment and dishevelled hair, between their fathers and their husbands; the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph, by the well in the sacred grove; the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans; the purchase of the Sybilline books; the crime of Tullia; the simu-



ST. CECILIA.

lated madness of Brutus; the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracles to the Tarquins; the wrongs of Lucretia; the heroic action of Horatius Cocles, of Scaevola, and of Cloelia; the battle of Regillus, won by the aid of Castor and Pollux; the defence of Cremera; the touching story of Coriolanus; the still more touching story of Virginia; the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake; the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul—are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader."

But allowing all these stories to be nothing more than fabulous inventions,—or, at least, fictions founded upon facts of a somewhat similar character,—there is yet much of positive truth, which any one conversant with Roman history will scarcely fail to remember as he looks down from the height of the Capitol on the ruined space below, or wanders on the Capitoline hill. It was here, he remembers, that those ancient "corn-law leaguers," the Gracchi, harangued the populace; here the eloquence of Cicero, in the senate-house, drove Catiline, the secret conspirator, into open rebellion; in the same edifice Caesar yielded up his heroic life, pierced to the heart by the daggers of Brutus and his fellow assassins. Along that *Via Sacra* passed Augustus Caesar, flushed with his victories over Antony, and laden with the spoils of his Eastern conquests; Ostorius, with Caractacus as his captive; Titus, with the spoils of Jerusalem; Trajan with his Dacian trophies; and Constantine, the first Christian monarch, after his victory over Maxentius. The ground upon which we are looking has become hallowed by the blood of Christian martyrs: here St. Paul is represented to have been beheaded, and St. Peter crucified with his head downwards; while thousands, whose names have been lost to us, suffered agony and death under the persecutions of the monster Nero. Within the walls of the Coliseum—founded by Vespasian, and completed by Titus, when consul, A.D. 80, and which, it is said, he employed the captive Jews to erect, and inaugurated by the destruction of thousands of wild beasts in the gladiatorial shows—the Emperor Trajan caused the venerable St. Ignatius to be devoured by animals, and the traditions of the church are filled with the names of martyrs who were slain in its arena. Truly has it been said, "There is no scene in the world more impressive or magnificent than that commanded by this spot"—the view from the Capitol—"it is not inferior in historical interest to the glorious panorama from the Acropolis of Athens, while it surpasses it in those higher associations which appeal so powerfully to the feelings of the Christian traveller."

It is the general opinion of the most learned archaeologists, that but little of ancient Rome antecedent to the Christian era is now to be seen, and that little is of very minor importance in an architectural point of view. It was the boast of Augustus, as historians say, that he "found Rome of brick and left it of marble;" and the finest of the existing ruins, and of the buildings comparatively entire, date no farther back than the first three centuries from the birth of Christ. The remains which are supposed to belong to the earliest period—that of the kings, from about 750 to 510 B.C.—are the dungeons of the Mamertine or state prison, on the declivity of the Capitoline, near the Arch of Septimius Severus, and underneath the Church of S. Giuseppe de' Falegnami. The prison was begun by Ancus Martius, B.C. 640, and was enlarged by Servius Tullius, B.C. 578. The chronicles of the Romish Church assert that the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul were confined in these cells prior to their execution; and it is not improbable, as it is well known that state prisoners were immured in them; Sallust distinctly states that the Catiline conspirators were placed therein; and a sort of shrine, consecrated to the two apostles, has been placed within an excavation made on a level with the dungeons. The *Cloaca Maxima*, or great sewer, belongs to this period, and still serves the purpose for which it was formed by Tarquinius Priscus, B.C. 616; it has existed for nearly 2,500 years, but appears to be almost, if not quite, as perfect as when originally constructed. The part most convenient for examination is an aperture in the vicinity of the *Aqua di S. Giorgio*. A portion of the ramparts of ancient Rome, called the *Agger*, built by Servius Tullius, B.C. 578,

may be yet seen in several places, near the *Porta Salaria*, and also in the grounds of the *Villa Barberina* and the *Villa Negroni*. The *Pulchrum Littus*, or ancient quay, commenced by Servius Tullius, and completed by Tarquinius Superbus, may be very properly included with the kingly monuments; a considerable part, composed of large blocks of stone laid together in the compact Etruscan style, corresponding with the *Cloaca Maxima*, is still in existence on the left bank of the Tiber, near the mouth of the *Cloaca*.

The remains of the Republican period, B.C. 509—30, are more numerous. Most of the public buildings erected in the earlier part of the consular government were destroyed by the Goths, when they invaded and sacked the city, B.C. 388; and there is no evidence of any edifices being constructed which showed any great progress in Art till towards the last century preceding the period of the empire. Republican Rome as it now exists is seen principally in the military roads, the aqueducts, the foundations of several buildings which are supposed to have been temples and theatres, and numerous tombs; these latter are in good preservation and most interesting.

The rule of the emperors filled Rome with her noblest works of Art. All which remain of them are scattered over the space of ground on which we are presumed to be looking, and constitute those glorious ruins, in the form of arches, columns, temples, baths, &c., which for centuries have attracted the artist, the scholar, and the antiquarian to the ancient mistress of the world.

We will now turn our backs on this part of the city, and survey the mass of edifices which constitutes modern Rome. The tower on which we are standing rises above the building known as the Palace of the Senators, it stands on the ancient *Tabularium*, or Record Office; on each side is a projecting wing, that on the right is the *Museo Capitolino*, that on the left is the *Palace Conservatorio*: we shall have to speak of these at some length hereafter. At the base of the central steps are two Egyptian lionesses, and on the summit of the steps two colossal statues, in marble, of Castor and Pollux. On the right, at no great distance, is the very old Church of *St. Maria d' Ara Caeli*; and beyond this are seen the roofs of the houses which line both sides of the *Corso* in that direction, the Pantheon, the Church of *St. Agostino*, the *Villa Madonna*, the *Collegium Romanorum*, the Column of Antoninus, &c. &c. On the left are the Church of *St. Angelo in Pescheria*, the *Portico d' Octave*, the *Farnese Palace*, the Church of *St. Andrea a Monte Cavallo*. Still further in the distance rises the vast dome of St. Peter's, the Palace of the Vatican, the Castle of St. Angelo, with many other buildings which we have not space to enumerate, though we must not omit to point out the *Villa Medici*, the cupolas of *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, Trajan's Column, and *Torre del Milizia*: the whole enclosed as it were by a range of hills more or less elevated. Let us now descend from our point of eminence, and examine somewhat in detail the edifice from which we have been afforded a panoramic view of the city and the surrounding country.

The *Piazza de Campidoglio*—under which title are included the Palace of the Senators, the Museum, and the *Conservatorio*—is on the summit of the Capitoline, and situated between the two elevated points on which the citadel and the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus formerly stood; and, according to tradition, is the exact spot where Romulus built his asylum, or refuge, for any fugitives from neighbouring states, to people his newly-formed city: they were received as Roman citizens, without any questions being asked of their character or antecedents. The ground between the two knolls or points was called *Intermontium* by the old Romans. The Palace of the Senators is, as we have already intimated, built upon the foundations of the *Tabularium*: it was founded, towards the end of the fourteenth century, by Pope Boniface IX., and was, in all probability, little more than an isolated structure of a fortress-like character, surmounted by a lofty square tower of brick. About the middle of the sixteenth century the senate, with the approbation of Paul III., resolved to give to the *Campidoglio* a beautiful, useful, and commodious form, and Michel Angelo was employed to design the work. "The façade consists of a rustic basement at the bottom, comprising the lower story, to which



STA. PETRONILLA.

there is no entrance except by a double-branched flight of steps leading to the first story. The first and second stories are faced with Corinthian



EUROPA.

pilasters, which support an entablature crowned with a balustrade, and enriched it in succession. As a museum of sculptural art it is greatly inferior to that of the Vatican, though the works it contains are more numerous. They consist of pictures, sculptures, inscriptions on marble and terra-cotta, vases, &c. &c., and are distributed through several apartments bearing titles appropriate to their contents. The "Chamber of Inscriptions" contains a collection of consular and imperial inscriptions, in number about 120, and comprising a period of 365 years of the Roman empire, from Tiberius to Theodosius. The "Chamber of the Sarcophagus" is so called from the marble sarcophagus, in which was the celebrated Barberini vase, now in the British Museum, and known to us as the "Portland Vase," from its being purchased by the Duke of Portland. The sarcophagus, which is of marble, is ornamented with fine bas-reliefs of subjects taken from the history of the Trojan war: it was discovered at a spot about three miles from Rome, on the road to Frascati, the ancient Tusculum. The staircase leading from this suite of rooms to those on the upper story, five in number, is decorated with the celebrated fragments of white marble, called *Pianta Capitolina*, an ancient ground-plan of various public buildings. Besides these five chambers, there is on the same floor a large gallery containing numerous statues, busts, and other sculptured works.

The building, or projecting wing, on the north side of the Piazza, is the Museum, or *Museo Capitolino*, erected from the designs of Michel Angelo, under the auspices of Paul III., but not appropriated to the purposes for which it is now used till about the middle of the last century. The Popes Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Clement XIII., and Pius VII. especially,



VIRGIN AND CHILD.

The first apartment of the suite of five is called the "Chamber of the

Emperors: it contains seventy-six busts of Roman emperors and members of their respective families, both male and female, arranged in chronological order. Passing through this, the visitor enters another room, the "Chamber of Philosophers," containing altogether nearly eighty busts of eminent Greek

and Roman sages, poets, and historians, with a few of the emperors and other distinguished personages: the walls, like those of the first chamber, are decorated with bas-reliefs. The third room, called the "Saloon," is a spacious apartment, in which are several groups of sculptured figures, single statues, and busts, most, if not all, of which have been exhumed from the ruins of Rome and the grounds in its vicinity. The "Chamber of the Faun" comes next; it is so called from a graceful statue of a faun standing in the centre of the room on an altar; it is executed in *rosso antico*, a valuable material, and was found at Hadrian's villa. Among several ancient inscriptions fixed to the walls is one, engraved on bronze, of a highly interesting character; it is the *Lex Legia*, the original decree of the senate by which the imperial government was conferred on Vespasian. A sarcophagus in this room demands especial notice; Flaxman refers to it in his lectures as exhibiting one of the finest specimens of bas-reliefs he knew of: the subject is a Greek soldier unhorsing an Amazon, while one of these female

warriors grasps his hand and intercedes for her companion. It was discovered about eight miles from Rome, near the aqueduct called *Aqua Virgo*.

But the fifth and last room of this suite is that which offers the greatest attraction of any in the museum; it is named the "Chamber of the Dying Gladiator," from the celebrated statue which stands in the centre, as conspicuous from its position as it is from its exquisite artistic beauty: it was found at the *Porto d'Anjo*, the ancient seaport of Antium, by Cardinal Albani, about the year 1770. This statue is so well known, and has been the subject of so much comment, that any remarks here would be quite superfluous. It will suffice to say that the title it has always borne since its discovery, and which it still bears, is now considered to be erroneous; and it seems surprising that it should ever have been so designated by any conversant with ancient Art and ancient history. That it is of the best period of Greek Art no one ever doubted, and this alone would take it back to an era long antecedent to the introduction of gladiatorial contests, which, moreover, were unknown to the Greeks. The work is now universally recognised as the figure of a Gaul wounded and dying, and is presumed to have formed one of a series

of figures illustrating the invasion of Greece by the barbaric armies of Gaul. The famous statue of Antinous, called the "Antinous of the Capitol," is also in this apartment; it was dug up, with some others, from the ruins of Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli, one of the most remarkable antiquarian remains in Italy.

The wing which faces the *Museo* is called the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*. The external architectural features of the two are exactly similar; it receives its name from its being the judicial court of the magistrates, or *Conservatori*. In the vestibule and in the quadrangle to which it leads are numerous sculptured works: the only one we can find room to notice is a fine colossal statue of Julius Cæsar, said to be the only original existing statue of the emperor. The rooms of the building are decorated with wall paintings and filled with a great variety of sculptures; in two or three are a few oil pictures. The sculptures are principally busts of celebrated Italians. There is also a gallery of paintings, founded in the beginning of the last century, by Benedict XIV.

The catalogue of pictures includes about two hundred and thirty subjects; but many of them are copies of paintings by artists of a second, and even of a third, rate order: the visitor will, however, find some which by their excellence must arrest his attention. The Bolognese school is represented by the works of Francia, Guercino, Domenichini, and the French, by Nicholas Poussin, Claude, Bourguignon, and Mignard. A few examples, in the form of engravings, are introduced here.

The first of these is a 'St. Cecilia,' by Annibale Carracci, a composition showing many of the excellencies which distinguish the branch of the eclectic school that arose at Bologna, under the able administration of this artist and his relatives. St. Cecilia is performing on an organ; by her side stands an ecclesiastic, habited in garments of the Carmelite order, and near the instrument are the Virgin and Infant, who are attended by an angel: all of them listen as if enchanted with the strains of the musician. The whole of these figures have a roundness of form and a richness in the

disposition of the draperies, which are characteristic of the school of the Carracci, an institution associated with so many illustrious names. The next is 'Sta. Petronilla.' The history or legend forming the subject of this work may not be familiar to all our readers, and as the composition



THE PERSIAN SYBIL.



ROMULUS AND REMUS.

cannot be perfectly understood without some explanation, we will give it in a few words. Petronilla is said to have been a young Roman girl, who was betrothed to a noble of her own country: during his absence from Rome for a short time, she died; her lover, on his return, would not credit her death, and caused the body to be exhumed, to prove its truth: it is this incident which Guercino has painted, in what many consider as his *chef-d'œuvre*, but which is decidedly one of the best pictures in the gallery of the Capitol, if it is not the finest. Following the example set by Raffaele and many of the great painters who immediately succeeded him, Guercino has divided the subject into two parts, totally distinct from each other, yet bearing a relative action. In the lower part two stalwart figures are raising from the grave the body of the dead virgin; her betrothed stands by, but his head is turned away, as if he feared the confirmation of his doubts: several figures are looking on, one of them, a matronly-looking personage, appears to be weeping. In the upper part, Petronilla, accompanied by angels and cherubs, is presumed to be entering heaven, where she is received by the Saviour. The whole of this is kept subordinate in tone to the lower portion; but in both there are evidently great expression and feeling in the single figures, and much beauty in the composition of the respective groups. The picture was formerly in St. Peter's, where a mosaic copy now occupies its place.

The 'EUROPA' is a copy, but by no means a good one, of the famous picture by Paul Veronese, in the Ducal Palace, Venice. Of the original of this, and of another by Veronese, 'Venice crowned by Fame,' in the same edifice, Kügler says,—"Both are represented in a manner which touches the heart of the spectator like heroic music." The picture describes the mythological story in three scenes: in the foreground, the daughter of the Phœnician king is seated on the back of the animal, while the attendants are arranging her richly embroidered robes, and cupids are bearing chaplets of flowers to decorate the bull and his rider; in the middle distance, she is being carried off towards the sea-shore; and in the distance we see her borne away over the waters to her future home. The principal group is remarkable for the graceful disposition of the figures; but every part of the work is of so high a character, that it is generally admitted to be one of the master-pieces of this renowned Venetian painter.

The fourth engraving is from Sandro Botticelli's 'VIRGIN AND CHILD,' throned in a landscape, and attended by St. Martin and St. Nicholas. Botticelli was a Florentine painter of a comparatively early period. This picture has all the peculiarities of composition and mode of treatment common with the artists of the fifteenth century, especially in their religious subjects; the composition is arranged with formal preciseness, the draperies, though ample, fall in stiff and conventional folds, and the most elaborate execution is observable in every detail. The picture, however, is a good specimen of the Art of the period to which it belongs. Some critics have expressed a doubt of its being Botticelli's work, and ground their objection on the head of the Virgin, which they consider too refined and delicate for this painter.

On the preceding page is an engraving from a picture by Guercino, called 'THE PERSIAN SYBIL;' but we may presume it to be nothing more than what with us would be designated a "fancy portrait," or a portrait of some Italian lady then living, habited in a foreign costume: it is certainly a most elegant figure in design and treatment, the attitude unrestrained and natural, the expression refined yet thoughtful.

The various fresco paintings on the walls of some of the apartments in the *Palazzo dei Conservatori* will well repay examination, though they cannot be considered as among the best examples of this style of decoration. The walls of the first room are covered with pictures by the Cavaliere Guiseppe Cesare, better known by the name of D'Arpino, who lived in the first half of the sixteenth century. The subjects of his six paintings are taken from the early history of Rome. The second chamber was ornamented by T. Lauretti, pupil of Sebastian del Piombo, with four subjects relating to the ancient history of the city during the Republic. The third

room, painted by Daniele da Volterra, shows the triumph of the Consul Marius, after his victory over the Cimbri; the sixth has a frieze surrounding the room; it was painted by Annibale Carracci, and represents the triumphs of Scipio Africanus. The seventh is decorated with subjects illustrative of the Punic Wars, but by whom they were painted is not known: the names of Razzi and Perugino have been mentioned in connection with them.

Sir George Head, in his "Rome: a Tour of many Days," gives a vivid description of this edifice; he says,—"I once had an opportunity, in the winter of 1840, of seeing the whole suite of the seven chambers of the Conservatori to the greatest advantage, when brilliantly lighted by night, and full of company, on the occasion of a ball held there by the pope's special authority, for the benefit of the orphans of the poor Roman inhabitants who died three years before, of the cholera. On approaching the Capitoline the scene outside was not less striking than the interior of the palace; for as the line of carriages after proceeding through the dark, narrow streets that lead from the Corso, emerged on the Forum, and advanced towards the carriage-road on the southern flank of the Tabularium, passing on the way successively the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the Temple of Fortune, all these celebrated ruins, standing between a brilliant display of light above in the *Piazza di Campidoglio* and the eye of the spectator, in the dark foreground, were seen in different points of view, and under all manner of phases, that produced the most magnificent effect of chiar-oscuro. The columns of former centuries thus reflecting the light of torches on one side, and casting their black shadows on the other, became new and fresh in appearance, and combined to form for the occasion, though detached and belonging to different buildings, an entrance to the Palace of the Conservatori as grand and imposing as if all were planted in the most uniform, harmonious order."

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—Shilling Art-Union societies are extending northwards. We have before us a prospectus of the "Peoples' Art-Union of Scotland," the object of which is "to enlist the sympathies of all classes in the promotion of Scottish art." Among the committee are the names of Professor Aytoun, as chairman, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. Blackwood, and others of good report. Prizetakers will be allowed to choose their own prizes from any public exhibition of works of Art in Scotland, sanctioned by the committee, who will also select, from the best prints of the leading publishers in Great Britain, the engravings to be distributed among the subscribers.

DUBLIN.—We find the following announcement in our contemporary the *Builder*:—"The Royal Dublin Society, on the recommendation of various lovers and owners of works of Art, have determined to hold an 'Exhibition of the Fine and Ornamental Arts,' during May and the three following months of 1861. The object is to collect the *chef-d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture, and to exhibit them with drawings, engravings, photographs, medals, objects of *virtu*, elaborately-wrought plate, works in precious stones and metals, in porcelain, silk, velvet, lace, tapestry, and works in which Art forms a material element. The guarantee fund, to cover the expenses in the event of a deficiency in the receipts, was originally fixed at £5,000, but has already grown to upwards of £9,000."

THE PARISH CHURCH OF WHITCHURCH (SALOP).—The apse of this church, recently improved in its relative proportions under the directions of J. Livock, Esq., architect (London), has just been enriched by three superb stained glass windows, the work of Messrs. Warrington (London), who have for so many years contributed to the restoration of this beautiful art. Hitherto their fame has arisen from the congruity and harmony of their works in connection with the severe style adapted to Gothic architecture. The windows to which this notice refers prove that they are equally capable of producing works of high Art which, in drawing, grouping, and colouring, are not unworthy of comparison with some of the best works of the school of Raffaele, and which satisfactorily solve the problem as to the proper treatment of stained glass for the

windows of our Grecian churches. In the church referred to, like the edifice itself, the windows are of the Corinthian, or rather composite order. They are each more than 18 feet high by upwards of 8 feet wide, semicircular at the top, and in one clear expanse, without subdivisions by mullions or tracery. The centre window is occupied by a picture of the 'Ascension,' the figures nearly life-size. The Saviour ascending is surrounded by groups of beautiful angels, vocally and instrumentally engaged in joy and praise, amidst clouds which are broken up by cherubs, not too evident, but amalgamating with them, and thus completing the upper or aerial portion of the picture. The lower part is composed of the eleven apostles, in attitudes of devout adoration and astonishment, backed by an appropriate landscape which gracefully divides the upper from the lower part of the picture. The borders which enclose the picture consist of characteristic columns on the sides, finely designed and coloured. Cherubs above and below, bearing wreaths of richly coloured fruits and flowers, form a beautiful and important accessory to the whole. The side windows are less subject windows than the centre, but are not less rich. The treatment of each is alike, with the exception that one contains a figure of St. Paul and the other of St. Peter, nearly the size of life, placed in very rich niches surmounted by escalops. From the soffits proceed bold and free foliage and clustered fruit of the vine, appropriately emblematic in the chancel of a Christian church. The base is supported by Caryatides. Surrounding these are beautiful enamelled panellings embellished by Arabesque ornaments, and subdivided by medallions, six in each window, the heads of the twelve apostles. Exterior to all these occurs a border similar to that in the centre window, but in the circular parts at the top are recumbent angels holding crowns of glory over the armorial attributes of SS. Peter and Paul. These fine windows possess the power and brilliancy of ancient glass, united with the highest order of drawing and composition, while in depth and solemnity of treatment they well become the position they occupy in the house of God. The subscribers and parishioners of Whitchurch, by whose voluntary offerings these beautiful works have been erected, have the satisfaction of feeling that their liberality has been well expended upon a style of decoration for their parish church, which is in good taste and feeling, and suggestive of holy and serious thoughts.

EXETER.—At this season of the year our provincial news is almost restricted to a record of the annual meetings of the various schools of Art throughout the kingdom, when reports are read, and speeches are delivered, and prizes distributed, and balances—both monetary and statistical—are struck, all setting forth the condition of these institutions respectively. In too many instances we are compelled to notify—and we do so with regret, mingled with surprise it should be so—that while the statistical element is encouraging as regards the increase of pupils and their progress, the pecuniary condition is not advanced in a corresponding degree, but on the contrary, it is found to be retrograding. This appears to be the case with the Exeter school, of which the last year's report, submitted to a meeting of patrons and subscribers on the 27th of December, is in our hands. From it we learn that the subscriptions have again fallen off, though the amount is not stated; still, it is satisfactory to know the institution is not in debt, but that a small balance to its credit is held by the treasurer. The average number of pupils in attendance during the past year was about 150. In the public schools 251 pupils were examined, 130 of whom obtained prizes, being an increase of 25 over the year 1859. The headmaster, Mr. Wigzell, has just retired from his post, and has been succeeded by Mr. Birkmyers, from the Kensington Department. The pupils of the school, aided by the contributions of the committee, presented the former with a valuable gold watch and chain, as a testimony of their appreciation of his services. Three years ago he received from them a silver inkstand and gold pencil-case.

STOURBRIDGE.—The last year's report of the School of Art in this town speaks favourably of the progress of the institution. Since the last meeting of the council 162 students had attended the classes at the central school, and 622 had received instruction at public and private schools, making a total of 774 under instruction during the year,—a larger number, it was said, in proportion to the inhabitants than that furnished by any town in the United Kingdom. The expenses of the year were about £133, the income, from subscriptions and other sources, exceeded £165, leaving a balance of £32 in favour of the school; but there is a building debt on it of £200.

LIVERPOOL.—The amount subscribed to the Art-Union of the Liverpool Academy was about £800. The drawing took place early in the last month.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

A BRIEF notice of this edition of Bunyan's incomparable work appeared in our last number; we recur to it, for the purpose of introducing some examples of the illustrations, with which Messrs. Routledge and Co. have supplied us: our remarks will, of course, have reference to these; the text of the book has long ago passed criticism.

We previously observed, with respect to the general character of Mr. Watson's designs, that they at once carry back the mind to the period in which Bunyan lived; the peasant and the cavalier, the housewife and the high-born dame, the soldier and the divine, belong either to the age of Charles or that of Cromwell; but the prevailing type is Puritan. There is an excellent specimen of each in the two figures on these pages, 'FORMALIST,' and 'HYPOCRISY'—characters to be found among religious professors in all creeds: under the canopy of the fretted roof of the cathedral, and under the plain whitewashed ceiling of the nonconformist's chapel; the gait, the attitude, the expression of face, demonstrate the individual, while each is drawn from the two classes just mentioned. It is easy to recognise the churchman in the moustached figure, with his long flowing locks, ruffled collar, and rosetted shoes: and the Puritan, in his strangely-cut, unadorned garb, his plain broad collar turned over a tightly-fitting vest, and his clasped hands, as if engaged in mental devotion. Such characters are, unhappily, everywhere to be found, and no darker spots are there on the surface of the social community, than they who assume a sanctity which is neither of the heart nor the life.

The other two illustrations represent 'TALKATIVE IN THE ALE-HOUSE,' and 'TALKATIVE AT HOME,' these are exceedingly clever designs. They inculcate a lesson on intemperance; his time, and what money he has, are passed among his boon companions, with whom he is ready to talk on any subject, so long as he is allowed to talk; the result of all this is seen when he reaches home, in the terrified looks of his wife, the quarrels of his children, his brawls with the domestics—the tree is known by its fruit.

Looking over the one hundred and ten woodcuts which enrich this edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," we feel bound to assert that we know of no artist, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. John Gilbert, who would have executed such a task with such uniform excellence; the various scenes, no less than the individual characters, have been thoroughly studied by Mr. Watson, and the result is, without drawing any invidious comparison between this volume and the many others which have preceded it, that we know of none wherein the illustrations are so completely and fully identified with the personages of the story, as we see them here. Among the many to which we would direct attention, we would point out 'Pliable's Return to his own House,' and 'Pliable Mocked after his Apostasy'—both full of Hogarthian humour; 'Christian Knocking at the Gate'—a single figure, capital drawing, the attitude suggestive of timidity and doubt; 'The Three Shining Ones,' a pretty group of angels, but the profile of Christian's face, which is almost without form, is objectionable; 'Christian instructed at the Palace Beautiful,' is a well composed subject, but why did Mr. Watson place Christian with his back to the spectator? 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death,' dark and horrible, might stand for the work of Blake; 'Faithful cuts, and is cut by, his Relations,'—a group of Royalist Cavaliers; 'Lord Hate-good,' and 'Lady Feigning's Daughter,' two full-length portraits of great power; 'By-ends and his Friends,' every face a capital study; 'Giant Despair beats the Pilgrims'; 'Ignorance,' a Vandyke-looking figure, but conceit written on its face; 'The Man with the Muckrake,' &c., &c.

A word of unqualified praise is justly due to Messrs. Dalziel, for the excellent manner in which they have engraved these designs.

With respect to the manner in which this edition of Bunyan's great work is produced, and sent forth

to the public, we may briefly remark that it will—or, at least, ought—to satisfy the most refined taste.



The short Memoir, from the pen of Mr. Offor, is written gracefully and in a highly appreciating



spirit; and the engravings introduced into this memoir, and which illustrate incidents in the life of

* THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. A New Edition, with a Memoir, and Notes, by George Offor. Illustrated with one hundred and ten designs, by J. D. Watson. Engraved on wood by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, London and New York.

the "dreamer," are not among the least interesting in the volume. Bunyan's personal history, without



reference to his writings as arising out of it, is a remarkable one; both of them—his life and his works



—have furnished subjects to some of the most able commentators, without distinction of sect or creed.

EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE eighth exhibition of pictures by the members of the Photographic Society is now open, at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East. There is a large collection of these sun-painted pictures; sufficiently large, indeed, to persuade the observer, that 1860 was not the year of gloom that most persons imagine it to have been. Although luminous and calorific rays may have been absorbed by the vapoury clouds which hung over our islands, it is quite evident that a fair proportion of the actinic radiations must have reached the rain-soddened earth. There can be no lack of enthusiasm amongst photographers. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of the past season, we perceive that the camera-obscure has penetrated the wildest moors, the most iron-bound coasts, the bleakest hills, and the recesses of the flooded valleys. The love of the art has carried the photographer onward through rains and storms. Indeed, we are disposed to believe that many of the most striking effects observable in the pictures exhibited, are due to that beautiful transparency of the atmosphere which follows a period of drenching rain.

Our catalogue informs us that 622 pictures are exhibited; but there are more than this number of frames, and many frames contain four and six photographs. This is a proof of industry amongst the members of the society; but, when we ask ourselves if there is any distinguishable advance in the art, we are compelled to pause. For several years we have seen photographs which have possessed all the qualities that mark the best of these chemical pictures, in an eminent degree. Minuteness of detail, sharpness of outline, aerial perspective, freedom from the convergence of perpendicular lines, are merits with which we are familiar. The pictures which Mr. Roger Fenton exhibits this year—many of them very beautiful—are in no respect superior to photographs exhibited by that gentleman four or five years since. The Cheddar Cliffs and the views at Lynmouth are very charming,—perhaps Mr. Francis Bedford never produced more perfect works,—but we do not think them superior to many of the productions which Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Sutton, and others have shown us. We were especially attracted by Mr. Bedford's interiors. The views of parts of Canterbury Cathedral, of chosen bits of the Cathedrals of Wells and Exeter, together with portions of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, are all of them valuable studies to the artist, the architect, and the archæologist; but we have now before us views of the interior of St. Mary Redcliffe, taken full ten years since by Mr. Owen of Bristol, which are in no respect inferior to them. So we might proceed from one class of subjects to another, showing, and we believe correctly, that there has not been any real advance in the photographic art for many years.

The facilities for producing pictures, under all circumstances, are far greater than they were. Every mechanical arrangement has received, it would appear, the utmost amount of attention. The physical appliances have been improved, and the chemistry of the art, producing extreme sensibility to the solar influences, has been carefully studied. Yet we have not obtained pictures superior to those which marked the productions of the earlier exhibitions of the society. We cannot explain this. Has photography arrived at its maximum power? Can it not, by the aid of physical science—by the optician's skill,—or the chemist's experiments—be advanced higher? We believe much may yet be done; and we hope

the society will interest itself in lifting the art beyond that dull level of excellence which has marked the exhibitions for several years.

It is not possible for us, even were it desirable, to go through the long list of productions, so much like each other, and so nearly resembling the photographs which we have seen in former years. Fenton is good in his landscapes, but we venture to ask him if he has been quite so careful as usual; Bedford deserves praise; Cundall and Downes are in no respects behind; Caldesi has many beautiful studies; Maxwell Lyte has proved what can be done with metagelatine; Vernon Heath has wandered with advantage amidst the woods of Devonshire. James Mudd exhibits many pictures—all of them excellent—many of them may be classed with the best photographs ever produced. Maull and Polyblank require no advertisement for their portraits, nor do the London Stereoscopic Company for their stereoscopic views. There are, as might be expected, a crowd of "album portraits." Those of Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family, by Mayall, are well-known, but we saw none superior to the chosen few exhibited by the London Stereoscopic Society. There are some successful attempts, not so ambitious as many which Lake Price and others have exhibited, in the direction of subject pictures. 'The Holiday in the Wood,' is the most successful of these, but the grouping indicates a deficiency of artistic feeling. Some of the small and so-called instantaneous pictures are good, but, with the extreme sensibility of the collodion process, when employed under the best possible conditions, we certainly fancy that better results are to be obtained.

The Photographic Society directed especial attention some few years since to the fixing of photographs. This is a most important matter, demanding still the care of the society. We have now before us photographs which have been executed more than *twelve years*, in which there is not the slightest symptom of decay. We have others which have been produced within *twelve months*, which are fading rapidly. We have frequently expressed our opinion that there is no reason why a photograph should not be rendered as permanent as a water-colour drawing. *These pictures need not necessarily fade.* The experienced eye can almost always certainly tell whether a photograph is fixed or not. We do not intend to say that a man so judging may not be sometimes deceived, although within our experience this is rarely the case. It is to the interest especially of the seller of a photograph, that it proves permanent. If his pictures fade it shows carelessness, and he loses his customers. If the buyer of those chemical pictures finds, by and by, that he has a portfolio of "vanishing scenes" or of "fleeing images," he will weary of collecting them, and return to less truthful, but to more enduring productions. Is it not possible for the society to give some guarantee, or to insist upon some guarantee, that the necessary amount of care has been taken in washing the pictures sold from its walls?

We advise our readers to pay this exhibition a visit, they will be much gratified; there is a great variety of subjects, and many very beautiful works.

The solar rays have produced pictures which must ever strike the reflecting mind with wonder. A power has been generated millions of miles beyond this earth, which flows, and gives life and beauty to it. That agency which combines and maintains a living organism, paints, by its occult power, a magic picture. Every picture now hanging on the walls of the Photographic Exhibition, the result of chemical change in the hands of the photographer, is directly due to a physical change occurring in the far distant Sun.

PHOTOGRAPHY,

AS EMPLOYED FOR THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS.

It will be seen, upon referring to the numerous papers which have, from time to time, appeared in the *Art-Journal*, on Photography, that we were amongst the first to urge the application of the solar pencil to the general purposes of book illustration. "The Pencil of Nature," by Mr. H. Fox Talbot, was, we think, the first attempt; and "Sunshine in the Country," is, we believe, the last attempt made to secure beautiful and truthful illustrations of nature by photography for book illustration. Between the issue of these works we have had Professor Piozzi Smyth's work on Teneriffe, the "Ramble in Brittany," the "Stereoscopic Magazine," and some few other productions which have been so illustrated. We have not mentioned several works from the Parisian presses, of a similar character, because we only desire to draw attention to some of the numerous advantages belonging to this peculiar method of illustrating.

The delightful truthfulness of a good photographic picture, gives it a value which cannot be possessed by any merely artistic production. The traveller, therefore, who properly—that is fully—avails himself of the art, gives to the reader of his travels a realization of those scenes which he deems of sufficient interest, which cannot by any other method be obtained. The photographs in the work on Teneriffe, and those in the book on Brittany, were not of a very high character; yet how perfectly did they tell the story of the astronomer's difficulties in placing his great equatorial above the clouds, and of the peculiarities of living Brittany in contrast with the charming remains of the ancient country! The peculiar characteristics of every stone near the top of that strange mountain, on which Professor Smyth had resolved to make his survey of the heavens, were preserved so completely as to enable the geologist to distinguish the nice shades of difference existing between the rocks.

In the other work quoted, the antiquarian, the architect, the historian, and the philosopher, will find much matter given for reflection, which could not be conveyed in any other way; since no human hand could copy the works of nature, and the stores of Art, in so perfect a manner, or, by any effort, secure that feeling of entire truth which marks the photographic picture. In books of this class, or in such as would represent any of the phenomena of nature, there is a value arising from the truthfulness of the sun-delineated picture which is peculiarly its own. To such productions as the "Sunshine in the Country," we have photography introduced as much for its beauty as for its truth. This book is very amply illustrated by photographs taken by the late Mr. Grundy, of Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham; and they show how perfectly, in the hands of an artist, the most delightful aspects of nature, with all the variations due to the influence of light and shadow, may be caught and preserved. The quiet of the first picture, with its group of lazy cows, its languid stream and its unshaken trees, tells us how true Cooper painted similar scenes; while another picture, 'The Summer Day,' is no less beautifully warm and clear:

"The herds have settled to their pastures green."

"The Trout Fisher," the "Angler's Song," and Mary Howitt's charming "Little Streams," secure for us photographs which represent, it may be, one of the most picturesque of the many streams which flow through fertile Devonshire, from Dartmoor to the sea—one of those little bits of quiet river scenery which distinguishes the Thames, the Kennet, and the Avon, and one of those rocky knolls with rushing waters—

"Up in mountain hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child,"

which mark the scenery of North Wales. There are numerous other equally beautiful photographs in this work, in illustration of the poets, who have endeavoured to catch "the still wild music" of nature, in her own retreats. In this book, the poet leads you, by the charm of his melodious utterance, and the photograph wins you to loiter on your way in contemplation of the truth which the sunshine shows you belongs to the thoughts of those who can find—

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

THE TURNER GALLERY.

CALAIS PIER.

Engraved by J. Cousen.

CALAIS, its wooden pier and bright yellow sands, but especially the latter, have frequently furnished subjects to our marine-painters; its contiguity to the English coast, as well as the picturesque character of the locality, rendering it most attractive. Both Stanfield and Edward Cooke have, if our memory serves us right as to their pictures, cruised and "worked" in that part of the Channel. Some of David Cox's most masterly seascapes came from the same quarter; and Turner has left two or three noble paintings as records of his visits to the coast of France.

His first voyage across the Channel was at the commencement of the present century; the picture which is here engraved was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1803, under the title of 'Calais Pier, with French Poissards preparing for Sea—An English Packet arriving.' Turner's visit must have been paid during the short interval of peace with France, occasioned by the treaty of Amiens, 1802-3, otherwise, the presence of an English packet-boat in a French harbour, except as a prize, would be perfectly inexplicable. A finer example of marine-painting than this is, never appeared from the pencil of any artist; while it takes rank with Turner's best, though it is not altogether free from the charge of untruthfulness to nature. In the face of so heavy a storm as the wind—shown by the position of the vessels' sails—is urging onwards over the pier, it is scarcely probable that even the hardy fishermen would venture out to sea, as they are here preparing to do; and a small boat like the English packet—the vessel with her head to the spectator of the picture—would certainly "lay over" much more than she does, with such a breadth of canvas opposed to the wind, and so heavy a sea—the latter, by the way, not very usual in a harbour, unless a hurricane blow. Yet these insignificant objections in no way detract from the grandeur of the composition, and the skill with which the mass of details is brought into an harmonious whole, by the admirable arrangement of light and shade. The left side, both sky and sea, is enveloped in blackness; the sunlight falls on the centre, catching the waves as they break against the wooden piles and the hull and sails of the outward bound fishing-smack, and the rolling clouds above; and thus these three central portions are connected with each other. To the right, the sea and sky show a half-tone of sunlight, caused by the rays rendering the clouds partially transparent, and illuminating the distance.

The figures on the pier and in the boats are drawn and painted with great care, and were evidently well studied "from the life;" the former are not idle promenaders, but belong to the class whose "business is in great waters"—fishermen, their wives and children, some engaged with the produce of the sea, others, as the group of women leaning over the side of the pier, attending to the wants of their husbands and brothers in the boat. Not the least remarkable parts of the picture are the dead flat-fish, which are wonderfully true to nature.

There exists a large unfinished engraving—or it should rather be said a few impressions only are to be met with, for the print was never published, and the plate, we believe, has been destroyed—of this picture, by Mr. Lupton, who related to Mr. Ruskin an anecdote arising out of these same fish. "While the engraving was in progress, Turner visited the engraver, to examine the plate, not having seen his picture for several years. It is one of the darkest of his dark early works; and has but little colour, except in the flatfish on the pier, in which he has wrought 'pearly hues like those of opal.' He stood before the picture for some moments, and, pointing joyously to the fish, remarked, 'They say that Turner can't colour!' and, laughing, turned away."

And speaking of these Dutch plaice, we are reminded of Dutch painters, in connection with the 'Calais Pier.' It seems that Turner in it has not altogether lost sight of Van der Velde; the sky is treated in a way very similar to that which many of this artist's pictures show; but the Dutchman never painted such a foreground as this, such life and action in the rolling surges, such a story in the groups that man the vessels and through the jetty.



J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. PINKY

J. COUSEN, SCULPT

CALAIS PIER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE



THE
NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:
THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.
WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF
OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF A "MANUAL OF BRITISH ARCHEOLOGY,"
"CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONU-
MENTAL BRASSES AND SLABS," ETC., ETC.

PART XV.—MILITARY COLOURS.

THE MILITARY FLAGS of England, which are distinguished and known as "Colours," are naturally divided into two great classes:—

- I. Cavalry colours, and
- II. Infantry colours.

The colours borne by both arms of the service are associated in a peculiar manner with the regiments to which they may severally belong. They are the insignia of the regiments in their individual and distinctive capacity, as well as collectively the flags of the British army.

Precisely in accordance with the usage that prevails in the instance of the uniforms, appointments, and arms of our soldiers, the colours of British regiments are subject to a constant succession of changes. The actual devices, indeed, with which the colours may be charged, remain in each example the same; but the size, form, proportions, and decorative accessories of all these military ensigns are at the mercy of every fresh "regulation" from supreme authority. At the present moment, a recent "regulation" has reduced the size of the regimental colours, added fringes to them, changed the form of some of them, and substituted certain heraldic figures in many cases for the spear-heads which for a long time have invariably surmounted the colour-staves.

The flags of our cavalry regiments, entitled "standards," are really banners; for, both in their form and general character they retain the peculiarities of those celebrated insignia of the knights of old. These relics of mediæval chivalry, illustrious in the memories of long past ages, still more illustrious in their associations with their own times, are comparatively small in size, of a square shape, and strictly heraldic in their richly emblazoned charges.

Made of the richest materials, the colour of these standards is determined by the colour of the regimental facings, except the standards of the household brigade—the 1st and 2nd Life-Guards and the Blues—which are all of crimson silk, stiff with embroidery. The pennon of the early knights long

are attached to their kettle-drums. A standard is borne with each squadron of the heavy cavalry regiments, and in the Life-Guards and Blues with each troop. The household regiments also have similar banners attached, after the usage of the olden time, to their silver trumpets.

Upon these cavalry standards are displayed various national devices, such as the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, with the Royal Crown, and numerous other devices which have a special reference to circumstances connected with each regiment. The *Regimental Cypher* also, and *Number*, and various *Mottos* are introduced; and besides these devices, there appear upon the standards the *Regimental Honours*—brief, but eminently significant legends, which at once record and declare the most distinguished services of each regiment. The words, WATERLOO, PENINSULA, MOULTAN, ALIWAL, SOBRAON, ALMA, INKERMANN, SEVASTOPOL, DELHI, LUCKNOW, are examples of such "Regimental Honours." Example 98 is one of the standards of the Royal Horse-Guards Blue, or "Oxford Blues."

The flags of the British infantry are especially distinguished by the title of "Colours," each regiment having its own "pair of Colours." Both are silken flags, considerably larger than the cavalry standards, though now of somewhat less dimensions than of yore, and fringed. They are charged with appropriate mottoes and devices, and with the Honours, Cypher, and Number of each regiment.

Of the two "Colours" borne by each regiment of the line, one is the "Queen's Colour," and the other is the "Regimental Colour": the former is the Union-Jack, but the latter is of the same colour with the regimental facings; thus these flags are either red, blue, white, yellow, buff, green, or black, and they always have a small Union-Jack placed at the upper corner next to the staff.

In the regiments of the Guards a singular distinction prevails in the colours. The "Queen's Colour" is of crimson, with the Royal Crown and Cypher, and the regimental Device and Honours, also sometimes with, and sometimes without, a small Union-Jack at the uppermost corner; and the "Regimental Colour" is a simple Union-Jack. Each company of the Guards has, besides the colours of the regiment, a small banner attached particularly to itself, and charged with its own peculiar device and legend.

The Royal Artillery, and the Rifle Brigade of the regular army do not carry Colours.

No "Regulation" has yet been promulgated with reference to the Colours of the Volunteer regiments. Colours, however, in many instances have been both given to them and accepted by them; and, without doubt, this magnificent force will not long be permitted to remain without "Regulation Colours." The oldest of the Volunteer corps, the "Honourable Artillery Company of the City of London," has its own time-honoured Colours; the Militia regiments have "Colours," and the Volunteers of the days of Waterloo had their appropriate ensigns. I may add, that the banner of the "National Rifle Association" is blue, having upon a white circle the figures of an English archer of the Robin Hood era and a rifleman of the present Victorian age—the admirable motto is DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE.

As characteristic examples of a "pair of Regimental Colours," I have given the "Queen's Colour" (99), and the "Regimental Colour" (100), of the Fifth Regiment of the Line, or "Northumberland Fusiliers" (vide p. 52). The Regimental Colour is green, and bears the Title and Number of the regiment, the Motto, *Quo fata vocant*, ("wherever the fates may call"), the Regimental Devices—the St. George and the Dragon, the Crowned Rose, and the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock, and a long series of memorable "Honours." For these two colours, with the standard of the Blues, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. McNair, of the Army and Navy Club, from whose beautiful drawings my engravings have been executed. Mr. McNair is preparing for publication a truly splendid work, worthy of national support, upon the "Colours of the British Army," which will contain representations of the entire series of both Standards and Colours, printed in chromo-lithography in the highest style of the art, accompanied with historical and descriptive notices of singular interest. I gladly avail myself of a fitting opportunity to notice the important character of Mr. McNair's work, to record my own

admiration of it, and to invite to it the attention of the readers of the *Art-Journal*.

From the description that I have given of them, it is evident that their "Colours" present to the eyes of the soldiers of each regiment a living record of the renown, and of what has won the renown, of their own corps. The services, the achievements, the history, and the "Honours" of each regiment thus are ever associated with the symbols of loyalty and patriotism, and with the glory of the entire army. Accordingly, when our soldiers stand before their countrymen at home, their "Colours" proclaim how faithfully they have done their duty, and how well they have deserved the admiring gratitude of their country. And, whenever they march out, at their country's bidding, to stand in the front of battle, in their "Colours" our soldiers carry with them to the field the noblest of all most noble witnesses of their gallantry,—the most animating and most heart-stirring also of all encouragements to emulate, and, if possible, even to surpass the illustrious deeds of the past.

I may here observe that the term "Colours," used in precisely the sense that we now use it, is at least as old as the time of Shakspeare. Thus, we read in "King John," Act iii. Scene 2, (and, would that the words could have been recently applied by us to our own "Colours" in the Crimea and in India!)—

"Our Colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth."

The same word recurs once in the 1st Scene, and twice in the 2nd Scene of the 5th Act of the same historical drama. Again, in the "First Part of Henry VI.," in Act iv. Scene 2, there is this line,—

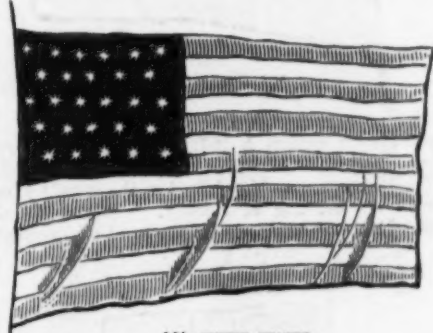
"Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight!"

I may also refer to Act ii. Scene 3 of Part iii. of the same drama.

PART XVI.—THE FLAGS OF OTHER NATIONS.

In now glancing at the flags of other nations, it is necessary for me to observe that my present purpose does not extend beyond both a brief and a partial notice of some few of the more important of these ensigns. The space now at my disposal forbids even an attempt to give a complete list of the "Flags of all Nations." I may refer to a very copious and carefully executed chart, containing no fewer than one hundred and seventy-two coloured examples, published by Laurie of Fleet Street; and possibly I may hereafter myself enter more fully into this division of my subject.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. A red flag, with six horizontal white stripes, and a blue "Jack" charged with thirty-two silver stars (101). The flag of the President is blue, and it is charged with



101. UNITED STATES.

an eagle, bearing a shield paly of silver and red, with a silver chief, and soaring towards a star-spangled sky.

FRANCE. The tricolor (102), blue, white, and red, the blue next the staff, the arrangement being vertical. The Imperial Standard is studded with golden bees, and on the white the armorial insignia of the empire are displayed. The early flag of France bore the golden fleur-de-lys upon blue. The flag of the Bourbons was white, with the royal arms upon a shield.

BELGIUM. A tricolor (103), black, yellow, and red, the arrangement being the same as in the French tricolor, and the black being next to the staff. The

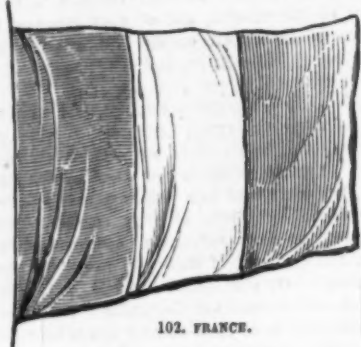


98. STANDARD OF THE "BLUES."

lingered amongst their successors under the form of the *guidon*—a small swallow-tailed standard, which was associated with the regular standard in our cavalry regiments, until the last "regulation" put in force the old custom of removing the pennon-points, and thus reduced the guidon to the square form of the standard. I may here observe that the light cavalry regiments do not carry regular standards, but they have in their stead ensigns that

Belgian Standard bears the royal arms upon the yellow.

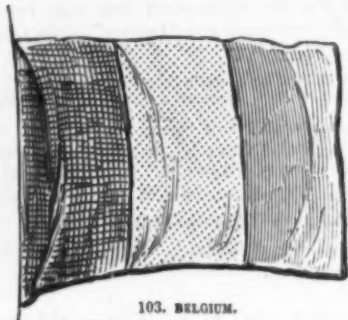
THE NETHERLANDS. A tricolor (104), red, white, and blue, the arrangement being horizontal, and the



102. FRANCE.

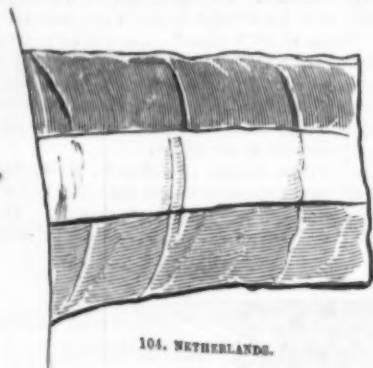
red in chief. The royal arms appear upon the white in the Standard.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY. The national flag of Sweden is blue, with a yellow cross (105), and that of Norway is red, with a blue cross edged with



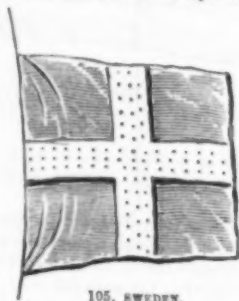
103. BELGIUM.

white (106). Precisely after the same manner as our own first Union-Jack (71) was formed by the combination of the national ensigns of England (69) and Scotland (70), so the Union Flag of united Sweden and Norway has resulted from the combination of 105



104. NETHERLANDS.

and 106, as appears in 107. The Swedish ensign is the old flag of Sweden with the Union, as in 108. The Norwegian ensign (109) has the same Union with the old flag of Norway. The two Royal Standards are the same, with the royal achievement



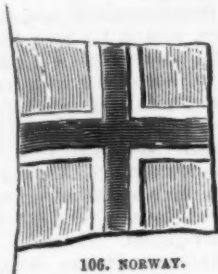
105. SWEDEN.

of arms; and the Swedish and Norwegian ensigns in use in the mercantile marine of those countries are also the same as 108 and 109, but, instead of being swallow-tailed, they are square at the fly.

DENMARK. A red flag, swallow-tailed, and charged with a white cross (110). The same flag, cut square

instead of being swallow-tailed, is in use in the merchant service. The Danish Standard resembles the ensign (110), with the addition of the royal arms upon a white square in the centre.

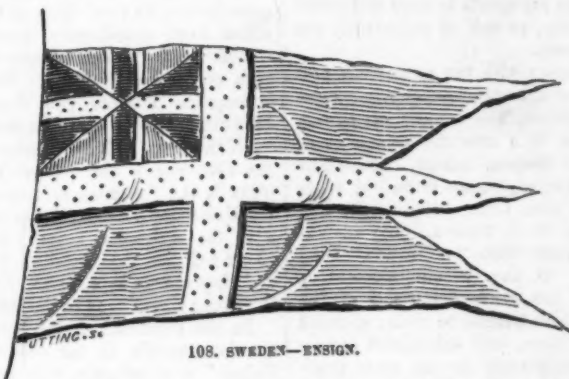
It will be observed that, in all these Continental



106. NORWAY.

flags which are charged with royal arms, the armorial insignia are blazoned upon shields, and not displayed to form the flag itself, as is the case with our own Royal Standard (59).

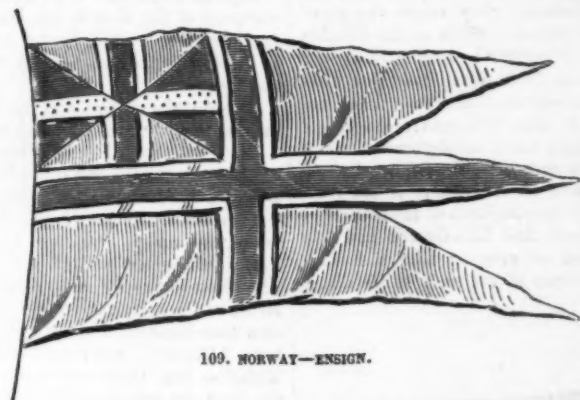
SARDINIA, or rather ITALY. A tricolor (111),



108. SWEDEN—ENSIGN.

As the national ensign of united Italy, long may this noble flag wave over the country of an enlightened, prosperous, and happy people! The

Sardinian merchant flag is the same, without the crown. The flag of the island is white, with a narrow red cross, and in each quarter there is a

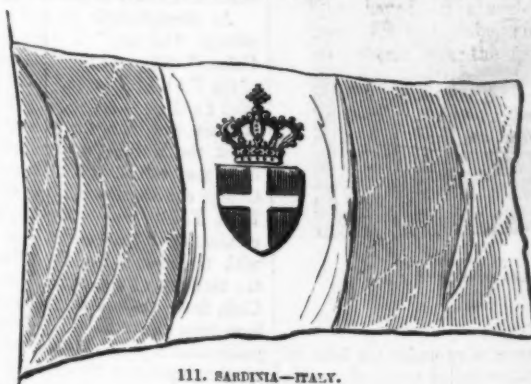


109. NORWAY—ENSIGN.

negro's head. The Sardinian Standard is an elaborate heraldic composition.

PRUSSIA. White, with a black single-headed eagle

displayed. The eagle is crowned, holding a golden sceptre and globe, and is charged with the royal cypher. Near the uppermost corner, next the staff,



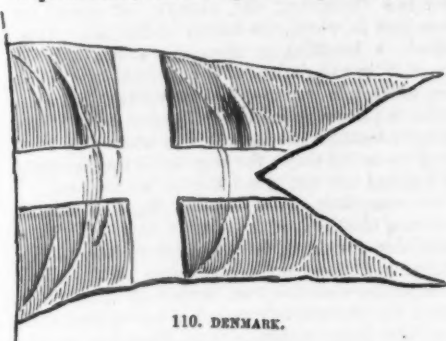
111. SARDINIA—ITALY.

there is a small black cross-patee, surmounted by a smaller similar cross of silver. This flag is very slightly swallow-tailed. In the ensign of the Prussian merchant service, the crosses are omitted, and there is a narrow stripe of black both above and below the eagle, the stripes forming the upper

and lower extremities of the flag. The Prussian Standard is a pale crimson (also sometimes white), semée with eaglets and crowns: it bears the black and silver crosses (the latter surmounting the former), displayed over its entire surface; and, over all, the eagle of Prussia appears upon a white

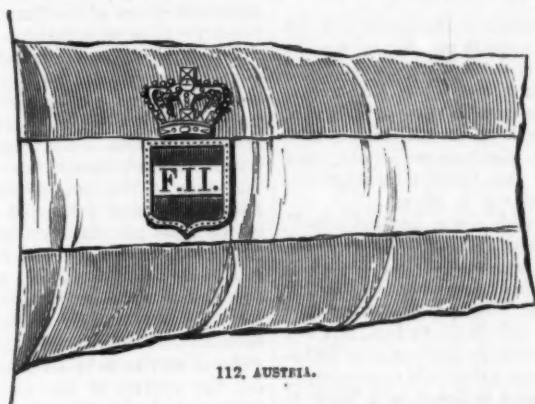
shield, which is crowned and encircled by the collar of the Prussian order with its jewel.

AUSTRIA. A red flag with a broad horizontal stripe of white, and having this stripe charged with



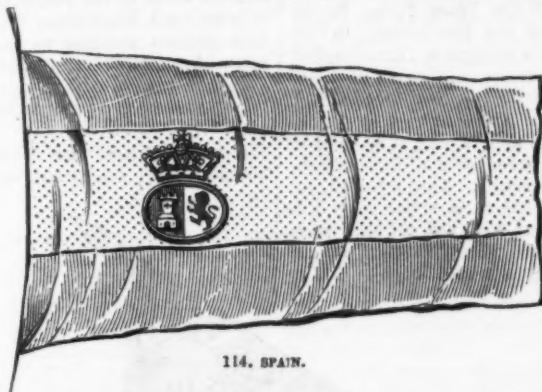
110. DENMARK.

a shield bearing the same device within a narrow border of gold, and having the imperial cypher: this shield appears upon the white stripe, and above



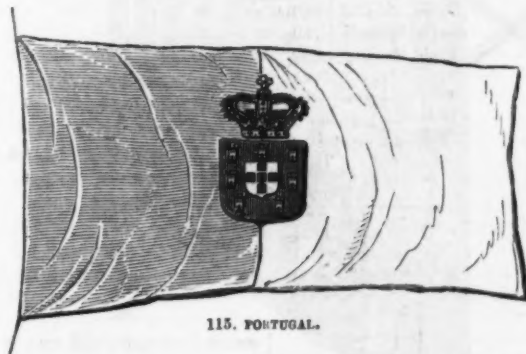
112. AUSTRIA.

both of them crowned, and holding a sword and a globe. Above the eagle is a third crown, and the imperial bird itself is charged with the Austrian



114. SPAIN.

RUSSIA. A white flag with a narrow cross-saltire (113). The Russian merchant ensign is a tricolor, white, blue, and red, the arrangement being horizontal,

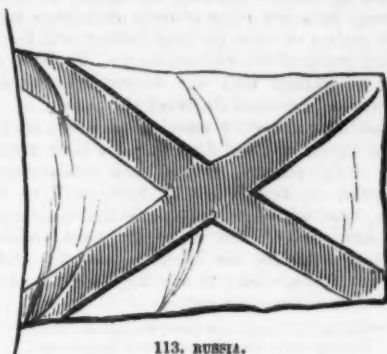


115. PORTUGAL.

eagle, holding a sceptre and a globe, and charged with a red shield bearing St. George and the Dragon, and encircled with the golden collar of the Russian order.

SPAIN. A flag divided horizontally into three

it, on the red, is the imperial crown (112). The merchant ensign is the same without the shield and the crown, but having in their stead the imperial



113. RUSSIA.

cypher upon the white stripe. The Imperial Standard of Austria is of a buff colour, and upon it is displayed a black eagle having two heads,

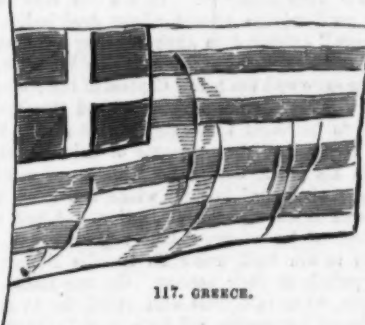
impaling a red lion rampant on white (Castile and Leon) (114). The Spanish merchant flag is yellow, with two broad horizontal bars of red. The Standard of Spain displays the royal arms, in the same manner as our own Royal Standard displays the arms of the United Kingdom. There is also another Spanish Standard, which is white, and has the royal arms upon a shield within a collar, and surmounted by a crown.

PORTUGAL. A light blue and white flag (115), the division being vertical, and the blue next to the



116. SWITZERLAND.

staff. In the centre of the flag is a red shield, surmounted by a crown, and bearing seven small castles of gold; also having upon a second shield of pretence, which is white, five small black squares set in the form of a cross, each square being charged with five white roundels set saltire-wise. The Standard of Portugal bears the same shield and



117. GREECE.

crown upon red. The flag of the Portuguese coaster is green, with four horizontal white stripes.

HANOVER. The English red ensign (81), with a white horse upon a red square in the midst of the Union. The Hanoverian Standard is red with the white horse.

SWITZERLAND. A red flag (116), with a white cross coupé at its extremities.

GREECE. A blue flag with a white cross, charged with a crown, and a square lozenge black and white.



118. TURKEY.

The merchant ensign (117) is white, with four horizontal blue stripes, and at the uppermost corner, next to the staff, it has a blue "Jack," charged with a white cross.

BRAZIL. A green flag charged with a large yellow lozenge, upon which is emblazoned the Brazilian armorial device upon a shield surmounted by a crown, and supported on either side by a branch of the coffee and the tobacco plants, the staple produce of the country.

THE PAPAL ENSIGN is white, charged with the arms of the Papacy.

TURKEY. A red flag, with a silver crescent and star of eight points (118). The Turkish Standard is red, and has three golden crescents upon a green oval. The flags of Turkish merchants and Ottoman Greeks are severally red, with a broad green horizontal stripe, and red, with a similar stripe of blue.

EGYPT. Green, with a broad horizontal stripe of yellow.

PART XVII.—THE ASSOCIATIONS OF THE NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND.

The Associations inseparable from the flags of England, claim a few words of distinct and special notice, in bringing these papers to a conclusion.

In common with all other flags, our English ensigns, banners, and standards are symbols of the highest order. In their abstract character and acceptance, they are suggestive in the highest degree. They may be regarded, accordingly, as poetic expressions of the utmost power. The marvellous influence of symbolical association is demonstrated in a remarkable manner, when a comparison is instituted between the commercial value of a flag as a piece of silk or bunting, and its figurative importance as an "ensign," a "colour," or a "standard." In the one case it is to be purchased for a certain number of shillings or pounds, while in the other case the preciousness of the flag becomes beyond all price, and men secure its safety with their lives. Both the Roman eagle-bearer of the Tenth Legion, and the young English ensign of the 63rd Regiment, understood and felt the full force of the symbolical associations of flags, and so also did their comrades. It was the same with those good soldiers around whose dead bodies the "colours" entrusted to their keeping were found firmly tied, as they lay upon the field of Waterloo. It was the same with the heroic Captain of the *Tonnant*, who, with his dying breath, ordered the French ensign to be nailed to his ship's mast at the Nile. It is recorded of the conqueror of Scinde that he had in his camp, during his famous campaign, a regiment of Bengal infantry which had lately been disgraced in consequence of mutiny, and had been deprived of its colours: that regiment was permitted to win back, under Sir Charles Napier, the lost symbols of their honour. On one memorable occasion, when volunteers were called for to storm the almost inaccessible hill-fortress of Trukkee, one hundred men of the 64th regiment stepped forward in silence. "Soldiers of the 64th," said the general to them, "your colours are on yonder hill." And on that hill they won again their colours. These men were as well able as their commander himself to appreciate the associations of the English flag:

refer to the facts, that "new colours" are "consecrated" before their presentation to any regiment, and that the consecrated flags are presented by a lady—for, both are deeply significant actions, both are relics of early chivalrous usage, both declare at once the high honour and the unsullied purity of the national flags of England, and their association with our deepest and warmest feelings and our most cherished affections.

But there are other associations which are conveyed by our national flags through their connection with persons, events, and circumstances. Regarded in this light, our flags carry us with them, in proud remembrance, over the whole world. The Arctic and Antarctic seas the great oceans of the east and west, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Black Sea,—here to our flags we may apply the words of the noble poet—

"Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey their empire, and behold their home!"

We may almost add the next couplet, with a similar application of the lines—

"These are their realms, no limits to their sway,
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey."

Our flags are the symbols of the honour and the achievements of our regiments and our ships,—the personal symbols also of the exploits, the fame, and the individuality of our heroes. The Union-Jack, which, at his funeral, covered the remains of Nelson, was regarded in this light by the old seamen, who, by an involuntary and simultaneous impulse, rent it into fragments, and then thrust those fragments into their bosoms as relics of *St. Nelson*.

Our flags are the symbols also of England herself,—the symbols of England's struggles, her victories, and her glories,—the symbols of her important eras and events, and of her present position amongst the nations of the world. The presence of our flags carries us to Lucknow and Delhi, to Inkerman and the Alma, to Waterloo and the Peninsula, to Trafalgar and St. Vincent; and it then bids us pass on, in thought, with Abercromby to Egypt, with Wolfe to Quebec, to Blenheim with Marlborough, with Blake to the times of the civil wars, with Drake to the discomfiture of the Armada, misnamed "invincible," to Flodden with Surrey, with Henry V. to Agincourt, to Cressy with the Black Prince, to the Crusades with Richard the lion-hearted, to the gallant though disastrous struggle of Harold against the Norman invaders, and so on, through the times of the Danes and the Saxons and the Romans, back once more to the days of Cæsar and his legions.

In peace, too, no less than in war, as symbols of England, English flags are crowded with the associations of illustrious memories. Thus regarded, our flags appear to pass before us in review every brilliant and beneficent and wise and patriotic action of our greatest and most worthy countrymen, and every one of their most honoured names. And it

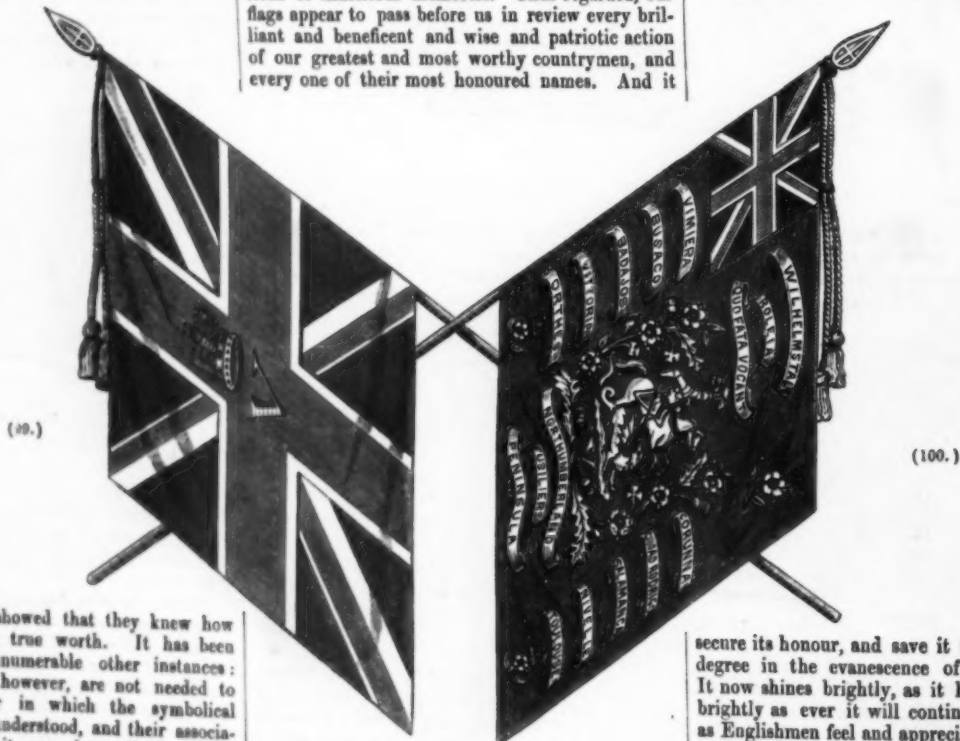
is always well to keep in mind the achievements and the heroes of Peace, the achievements and the heroes of Art and Science and Literature and Philosophy, the heroes of Politics and Statesmanship and Diplomacy, and, though last named far from least in worth, the heroes of Religion. It is, indeed, a beautiful, a cheering, and a glorious aspect of the associations of our national flags, when they blend into one grand circle all that has combined to place England in the eminent position she occupies amongst the nations, and when they unite every name that shines the brightest in the biography of England into one grand English brotherhood.

So completely, again, are our flags, as national symbols, identified with us, that they are almost invariably associated with the enterprises, the exploits, and even the eccentricities (when of an enterprising character) of individual Englishmen. Thus, the characteristic record of having first scaled the Peter Botte Mountain in the Mauritius, was the planting the Union-Jack upon its solitary crest; and, in like manner, the same ensign, displayed from their summits, announced the presence of Englishmen on the icy peaks of Mont Blanc, and on the uppermost stones of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, and of Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria.

To adduce one other example of the sentiment inspired by an English flag through the impressive and touching agency of association,—I know nothing that has affected English hearts with more thrilling interest than that frozen boat-flag, which the gallant McClintock brought back to England, amongst the relics of the lost and the lamented Franklin Expedition. And yet, much more than a motive for deep and admiring sympathy is associated with that Arctic ensign: for, if it tells touchingly the fate of the heroic band who carried it till they fell and died in those awful solitudes, it also declares that they shared their dutiful heroism with comrades no less devoted than themselves. Comrades will still survive to take a becoming part in sustaining the renown of the glorious ensign of their country, and who will not fail, by the blessing of Heaven, to transmit to succeeding generations, as their noblest inheritance, the same genuine English feeling which animates themselves. Thus, whenever the words of the poet may be fulfilled in time to come, and Englishmen "again" may "launch their glorious standard to meet another foe," we rely with confidence, as of old, that

"The meteor flag of England shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart, and the star of peace return."

The associations of that "meteor flag," and the memories inseparable from its presence, will ever



COLOURS OF THE 5TH REGIMENT OF THE LINE.

and, like him, they showed that they knew how to estimate it at its true worth. It has been the same also in innumerable other instances: other such examples, however, are not needed to illustrate the manner in which the symbolical character of flags is understood, and their associations are felt. But it may be well simply to

secure its honour, and save it from sharing in any degree in the evanescence of meteoric brilliancy. It now shines brightly, as it has long shone; and brightly as ever it will continue to shine, so long as Englishmen feel and appreciate its associations,—so long, that is, as England herself can command the dutiful and devoted affection of her sons.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

AN Art-Union is an association which necessarily possesses, and ought always to exercise, a twofold influence upon Art. Its office is, that is to say, as well to cherish and to elevate some peculiar expression of Art, as to cultivate and refine the public taste through a widely extended diffusion of genuine works of Art. The Art-Union, which now is thoroughly established in connection with the Crystal Palace, comes before the public and bases its claim for support upon the fact that it fulfils faithfully its twofold duty. This institution, indeed, differs from all others of its order in the important circumstance, that it identifies its own operations, and consequently its own success, with the encouragement which it gives to the highest achievements of ceramic art. The presentation works of the Crystal Palace Art-Union, executed expressly and solely for it, are all of them ceramic; and they are further distinguished by their giving, in every instance, at least a full equivalent in money-value for the entire amount of the subscription. This is effected through the action of that principle of association and combination, which accomplishes so many of the most important objects of the present day. Thus the subscribers to the Crystal Palace Art-Union receive a presentation work equal in value to their subscription; they are enabled to select it from a series; and so excellent are the arrangements that the presentation works are available at once for distribution to the subscribers, provided that the subscriptions be made early in the year.

The presentation works, which now claim from us a cordial expression of our approval and admiration, and to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers, comprise statuettes and busts in ceramic statuary and Parian, with various fictile vases, tazzi, and similar objects. These are the productions that maintain ceramic art in a high position, and also tend continually to raise it still higher. Like horses of the purest blood, they tell beneficially upon the entire race. They keep up an advanced standard in their own department of Art, and in their very nature they are essentially aspiring. It follows as an inevitable consequence that a vast influence for good results from such an institution as this Art-Union. The statuettes and busts are beginning to constitute an important group, and must be regarded as effecting for the works of the sculptor what engraving does for pictures. Both are translations of the noblest productions of artists; and both admit of being rendered in a manner altogether competent to do full justice to the originals, which they reproduce, multiply, and send in every direction through the length and breadth of the country. The plastic sculpture of the Crystal Palace Art-Union is eminently beautiful in itself, and it acts with a power peculiarly its own in advancing the best interests of the sculptor's art. The works executed in Parian and ceramic statuary now produced are truly exquisite examples of delicacy, combined with effectiveness in their rendering of the sculptor's embodied thoughts.

The present is the third season of the Crystal Palace Art-Union. Its third list of presentation works comprises, as before, such as are adapted to the varying amounts of subscriptions, from a single guinea to five guineas. They are twenty-one in number, exclusive of photographs and stereographs, and are produced by Copeland, Kerr and Binns, Wedgwood, and Battam and Son, from original compositions by W. Calder Marshall, R.A., and other artists of equally distinguished reputation. Of the twenty-one works twelve are open for selection by subscribers of a single guinea. We may add that the works of the two former years are also still available, but only "so long as copies of them are remaining in stock." It will be seen that the council have not provided so large a number of presentation works this year as they did twelve months ago: in this decision they have shown a wise and judicious appreciation of the value of concentrating their resources. Their present works present an abundant variety of subjects, and at the same time they evince the careful thoughtfulness which has been bestowed in an equal measure upon them all. The one guinea presentation works are

busts of "Enone" and "Enid" (the "Enid the fair and good" of the "Idylls of the King"), after Calder Marshall; busts of "Peace and War," after Durham; six vases of various character and design, including one admirable reproduction of a Greco-Etruscan "Hydria," of exquisite form; one ornamental bracket in ceramic statuary; and a plateau, which reproduces in the happiest manner the early blue and white jasper Wedgwood ware. For subscribers of two guineas there are the four busts above specified, with marble pedestals, and enrichments in accessory gilding, and a slight partial tinting, executed with a cautious delicacy that disarms criticism, while it commands admiration, even if it fails to establish a recognition of the legitimacy of colour in sculpture. This class of subscribers also has Raffaele Monti's "Bride," a veiled bust of great beauty, and wondrously executed; and a round flower-stand, with a perforated cover, executed in white and gold, and also in white and blue, with gilding, after the manner of Lucca della Robbia. The special work for subscribers of three guineas is a perforated flower-basket, on a pedestal, with a group of reclining Cupids—a truly charming work, and a perfect marvel of sculpture in a plastic material. The Cupids are in the soft creamy Parian, and the flower-stand itself in a delicate porcelain of pure white, enriched with gold. We would suggest that most effective varieties of this beautiful work might be produced by rendering the body of the stand in a pale terra-cotta, and also in a Wedgwood blue jasper, the figures remaining as at present in the Parian. Subscribers of five guineas (like those of two and three guineas) may select various works, to the amount of their subscription, or they can choose between a statuette (16 inches high) of "The Toilet," after Calder Marshall, most skilfully executed by Copeland in his ceramic statuary, and a Wedgwood vase (11½ inches high), which demonstrates the gratifying fact that the spirit of the English Palissy survives amongst those who still bear his honoured name. The two Wedgwood works in the foregoing list are altogether new, and we congratulate the council of this Art-Union on their having been the means of producing them: they are the best of "Wedgwood memorials," and in themselves are most expressive exponents of the high excellence of the fictile art of the present Victorian age. We shall not add any further expression of commendation of those works which we have enumerated, but shall content ourselves with urging strenuously the duty of joining an institution which offers such "material guarantees" of its own worthiness; and especially we advise an *early subscription*, that the council may have time for realising their projects, and for doing full justice to their subscribers, to themselves, and to Art. A very considerable space of time is absolutely necessary for the effective production of such ceramic works as those which the Crystal Palace Art-Union offers to its subscribers, and hence it follows that this institution relies for its success no less upon a *prompt than upon a widely extended support*.

One circumstance connected with the operations of this Art-Union during the past year we may notice, with (as we hope) a beneficial effect. We refer to the number of the subscribers of the second season, which did not very greatly exceed the 5,000 of the first season, whereas a considerable increase upon the first year's numbers might perhaps have been reasonably expected. It is well that it should be distinctly understood that the council—more than satisfied with their first subscription list—last year determined to devote their energies rather to the utmost possible exaltation of the practical character of their institution, than to its full development in the matter of subscribers. This last object can only be accomplished through the instrumentality of a comprehensive system of local agencies, which necessarily must involve very considerable cost. Hitherto the work of the local agents has been almost, if not altogether, a labour of love, and the council have not even attempted to enlist the services of persons who were not ready to join them simply as lovers of Art. The time is now come for the initiation of a course of action, from which the working of the Crystal Palace Art-Union may be developed in great strength; and we feel assured that the council will prove themselves to be altogether equal to every duty which may devolve upon them.

ANTIQUÉ GEMS.*

IN comparison with almost every other subject which comes into the domain of Art, the study of engraved gems finds very few to direct their attention to it, for even the numismatist generally limits his researches to coins and medals. This is rather matter of surprise, if we bear in mind the historical no less than the artistic value of the works of the ancient gem engravers, and also that this country possesses a larger number of them than any other European nation. True, they are not all accessible to every student, many being in the hands of private collectors, such as the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Londesborough, the family of the late Mr. Uzielli, Mr. Pulsy, and others; but the British Museum contains many fine and rare specimens, which will fully repay a careful examination.

The earliest history of the glyptic art is lost in Egyptian darkness: that it was practised in the time of Moses is proved by the Scripture records, for we read that he was commanded to "make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it like the engravings of a signet;" and Moses himself speaks of Bezaleel, the son of Uri, as a man "filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones," &c. Mr. King notices, as a singular fact, that none of the old Greek writers speak of the inventor of the various processes of gem engraving, and adds,—"This silence on the part of the Greek mythographers, always ready as they were to claim for their own countrymen the credit of every discovery or invention in science or manufactures, even when evidently due to foreigners, and merely naturalized and perfected in the Hellenic soil, sufficiently proves both the Oriental origin of this art and its comparatively recent introduction into Greece and Italy."

Mr. King's volume treats the whole subject in a full and comprehensive manner; he divides it into four general heads—Materials: gems themselves—Art: the different styles—Subjects—Mystic properties of gems and their sigils. These sections, each of which is replete with most instructive and interesting details, is preceded by a treatise on gem engraving, from which we make an extract, as bearing on the art as practised in this country, and showing its present state on the continent:—

"The few English gem engravers who have ever attained to any celebrity, all flourished during the latter half of the eighteenth century: it will suffice to name Brown, Wray, Marchant, and Burch. Their works, all in intaglio, though fine and correctly drawn, are nevertheless much inferior to those of the contemporary Italian school, the last of whom, Pistrucci, survived till within a few years. With him, and Girometti at Rome, the art may be said to have expired, as far as regards the execution of works displaying equal genius, and commanding similar prices, with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture. Even at Rome all that survives of this once so numerous profession are a few mechanics, rather than artists, who manufacture the cameo onyx studs so largely purchased by the visitors—mere trade articles, finished off by the dozen at the lowest possible expenditure of time and labour; some who still forge to order the mediocre antique intagli; and the only class making any pretension to taste and skill, the cutters of camei in shell. Thus the art of engraving designs upon hard and precious materials may be said now to have closed its career of thirty centuries in the same phase in which it started at the first dawn of civilization, when the Egyptian first fashioned his scarab out of the soft steatist, his first essay being a work in relief, intended for stringing on the necklace or bracelet; so, in our times, the Roman shell-camei, of an equally valueless substance, and designed for similar ornaments, alone preserve a faint shadow of the departed glories of the glyptic art."

Till the commencement of the present century, or till a few years afterwards, the eagerness for possess-

* ANTIQUÉ GEMS: their origin, uses, and value as interpreters of ancient history, and as illustrative of ancient Art; with hints to gem collectors. By the Rev. C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Published by J. Murray, London.

ing these engraved gems was almost, if not quite, as great as picture collecting has since become:—

"It is a singular fact, considering how completely this taste had become extinct in England during the last forty years, that at no previous period had it prevailed to such an extent, both here and in the other parts of Europe, as during the last half of the preceding century and the commencement of the present. Never before had camei of importance fetched such extraordinary prices (witness the fragment ascribed to Apollonides and purchased by the Duke of Marlborough from Stosch for one thousand guineas); and the principal gems of the cabinets formed during the same years are known to have been acquired at sums falling not far short of the above in magnitude. I have lately seen a cameo of Roman work, and that by no means of the highest order, a Roma crowned by Victory, for which the Empress Josephine, herself a collector, paid ten thousand francs; and at her command Denon, then director of the Musée Impériale, selected from the gems there preserved a sufficient number to form a complete parure for the wear of this unfortunate lady, the very impersonation of refined and elegant extravagance. These gems, although mounted in a suite of ornaments intended by their origin to form a part of the crown jewels of France, never reverted to the Paris Cabinet of Antiques after the fall of the empress, but were, subsequently to her decease, dispersed amongst the various collections of European amateurs."

As in the case of the declension of the value of old pictures, so also in that of antique gems, the cause is to be attributed, in a great measure, to the fraudulent practices of dealers, who circulated large numbers of professed antiques. Of this, Mr. King remarks, the "celebrated" Poniatowsky collection may be cited as the most glaring example. The deception, especially where, as in many instances, the artists' names were forged, was extremely difficult of detection, and thus inexperienced amateurs were frequently defrauded of large sums. Other causes have also been in operation, which are referred to in the volume before us: not the least important, however, is fashion, which has attracted into other channels the taste of Art-collectors.

The importance of these Art-works to the student of ancient history is indisputable:—

"To the archaeologist, or the inquirer into the usages of domestic life amongst the ancients, engraved gems are invaluable authorities, supplying as they do the most authentic details of the forms and construction of innumerable articles connected with the uses of war, of navigation, of religious rites, of the games of the circus and the arena, and of the festivals and representations of the stage, with the costume, masks, and all the other accessories of the scenic performance. Let any one, though totally unversed in this department of antique knowledge, cast his eye over a good collection of impressions from gems, and he will be both surprised and delighted, if a classical scholar, to perceive how much light is thrown upon ancient customs by the pictures which will there faithfully offer themselves to his view. There he will see the various pieces of the armour of the ancient Greek or Etruscan warrior, carefully made out in their minutest details. The obscure subject of construction of the ancient trident has been principally elucidated by the representations thus handed down to our times; whilst the various exercises, scenes, and games of the palestra, the theatre, and the circus, will be found abundantly illustrated by the most instructive examples."

To those who have never investigated this branch of Art, the numerous illustrations scattered through this volume will afford a very adequate idea of its beauty, no less than of the historic value which is associated with it. In many instances these gems supply the place of sculptured works, so that the miniature productions of the artists of antiquity oftentimes stand forth with an importance as prominent as the grander works of bronze and marble, bequeathed to us by the ancients. Mr. King's elaborate and learned treatise fills a vacuum in the Art-literature of the country, which all students of archaeology will rejoice to possess, and of which they must long have felt the need: none of so recondite and comprehensive a character has hitherto been published among us.

THE ART-UNION OF GLASGOW.

We received, too late to appear in our last number, a letter from Mr. Kidston, who till very recently held the post of secretary to the Art-Union of Glasgow. The communication purports to be a reply to some remarks published in the *Art-Journal* for November last, and which that gentleman considers a reflection on his management of the society. There are several reasons why we do not print his letter in full; first, it is unnecessarily personal towards the writer of the article in question, and to ourselves for admitting it into our columns; secondly, it would occupy a space longer than that we could afford to a matter not of general interest; and thirdly, it has, as we have heard, already appeared in one of the Glasgow newspapers. We are quite willing, however, to allow Mr. Kidston to speak for himself, so far as to record such parts of his letter as seem to us the most necessary to his exculpation. In entering upon the matter at all we had no personal feeling against him, but simply fulfilled what we considered a public duty, from the statements which reached us, without respect of persons:—

"The amount of deficiency which required the committee to subscribe for 200 shares was in no way due to any act or omission of mine.

"Their very recent knowledge of the £5,000 deficiency dates from the beginning of 1858, when the losses of the society that had gradually been extending in amount, during the two previous years, rendered the raising of this sum from the Clydesdale Bank an imperative necessity, and which losses were also in no way due to any act or omission of mine. * * * * *

"The year preceding that in which I was appointed (1847) the subscriptions amounted only to £860. At the close of the transactions for the year 1855, before any loss arose, the amount had been raised to £20,282. A statement drawn out by Mr. Moore, now the secretary, shows there was a surplus of assets over expenditure (for the preceding seven years) of nearly £1,700.

"The auditor, up to the end of 1855, and for some years previously, was Mr. J. Wylie Guild, accountant in Glasgow, then, and now, a member of committee. The business of the society had at that time so much increased above what I ever contemplated, that it became self-evident a different mode of keeping the books must of necessity be adopted. At the commencement of 1856 I proposed a plan, but the committee at, as I believe, the instigation of Mr. Guild, adopted another. A gentleman was appointed to take charge of the cash and books, which were entirely taken out of my control—it will be borne in mind that up to this period there was a surplus—and Mr. Guild engaged to audit his accounts monthly. This monthly auditing, however, was never performed for the two years that the new cashier had charge. The consequence naturally was, that the accounts got into a complete state of confusion, the cashier was dismissed, and a statement, subsequently made up by Mr. Moore, the accountant for the society, proves that in these two years, 1856 and 1857, a deficiency of over £6,000 was created. That the committee knew of the heavy loss incurred during these years, and which your article asserts was only known to that body very lately, I think the manager of the Clydesdale Bank can prove. Gentlemen concerned in business, or not concerned in it, are not, I should think, very likely to be found binding themselves jointly and severally for large advances from a bank without knowing the purpose for which the money was required. The fact is, they were quite aware of it. Some have now paid up their proportionate shares, while others have renewed their obligation to the bank. * * * * *

"During the whole of the twelve years of my service the committee took the entire management of the expenditure of the funds of the society. Not a painting, nor engraving, nor any other work of Art was ever purchased but by their sanction. The commission to agents was regulated by them, as the minute-book shows, and the same minutes will show still further the warm interest they took in details, so much so, that a considerable jealousy positively existed among the members themselves as to who should be appointed to go to London and elsewhere for the purpose of purchasing and arranging about pictures. * * * * *

"The real cause of the deficiency of the Art-Union of Glasgow did not proceed from mismanagement nor want of zeal on my part, but from the faulty nature of its constitution. So long as prosperity continued, and a yearly increase of subscribers ensued, all went well; but whenever from any extraneous causes—a change of taste in the public, bad times, or an unpopular print, then the defects of the constitution told. The purchasing of works of Art for prizes before the amount of funds to be received could be ascertained was the rock on which it split, and this the committee has now virtually acknowledged. In their prospectus recently issued, that which was always held out as the great and important difference between the Glasgow Art-Union and other societies, namely the selection of all the prizes by a "competent committee," is now abandoned. I mention this, not expressing my opinion on this point one way or the other, but merely showing that the Glasgow directors now concede that a society cannot be carried on in safety under any management when the entire selection and purchase of the prizes is left to the committee.

"ROBERT ALEXANDER KIDSTON.

"London, Dec. 10th, 1860."

[Since Mr. Kidston's communication came into our hands, we have heard that the Council of the Art-Union have published a statement, repudiating all the charges brought against them by their late secretary. We must, however, decline to re-open our pages to the discussion of this subject at any future time, as the matter is almost entirely of local interest.—Ed. A.-J.]

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—We mentioned some time ago how useful and profitable it would be to make exchanges between the pictures in the Louvre and those in provincial museums; a Paris reviewer says on that subject:—"It is easy to indicate the paintings, signed, at Versailles, and which are wanting in the Louvre, for one has only to compare the catalogues of the two galleries; but the great difficulty existing in other localities makes the exchange almost an impossibility, or would necessitate great research and labour. In many local museums there is no catalogue, the keeper is rarely visible, it is the porter in attendance who draws out the names of the painters, whose works are in many cases erroneously attributed. In more important towns, where a catalogue exists, it is rarely to be depended on; all pictures of the early German school are attributed to Albert Durer, while every provincial gallery professes to contain a Raffaele, a Poussin, a Domenichino, a Rembrandt, &c.: the museums of Havre and Cherbourg are examples of the most fantastic and erroneous attributions." A regular remodification in this matter is thus much wanted.—The various complaints made seem to have put a stop to the barbarous mutilations, called restorations, of the Louvre paintings for the present.—We read in the *Constitutionnel* as follows:—"The Emperor has purchased the superb collection of articles of *certu* belonging to Prince Soltykoff, which was to have been sold by auction: it is said the collection is to be placed in the Louvre."

FLORENCE.—It might be thought that the retirement of Leopold II. and his punctilious court from Florence would have increased the facilities of foreign artists in making memoranda of remarkable works, but in this respect the change is for the worse. Time was when the passport was all that was asked for, and in those days in the Palazzo Vecchio any picture—say a Titian of the value of two thousand pounds—would be removed from the walls and placed on an easel before any travelling student, but now each painter must have a balance at his banker's. An accomplished English artist presented himself recently at the Pitti Palace, and addressing himself to a *custode dei custodi*, a man in a glass case, and begged permission to sketch some of the glorious works he saw around him. The official replied that a reference to his banker would be required before permission could be granted. "I brought," said the Englishman, "money enough for the time I intend remaining, and therefore have no banker." The official regretted that permission could not be granted. Travellers who have visited these galleries know well the sordid and miserable appearance and circumstances of many of the artists who exist by copying in these famous halls. At some of these the artist looked curiously round, and quietly put the question—"Have all these gentlemen bankers then?" The gentleman in the glass case shook his head and smiled.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH
PAPER-STAINING.

PART II.—ENGLISH.

A RETROSPECTIVE glance at the dwellings and decorations of early England will enable us more fully to appreciate the past and present of English paper-staining. The Norman conquerors built castles, as refuges or strongholds; but houses without staircases, and which were entered by ladders, were not likely to be remarkable for the richness or comfort of the internal decoration. The first step in that direction seems to have been taken by the second Henry. He prohibited fortified residences, except under special license, and this step paved the way for castles becoming mansions. Edward I. followed out the same policy, and, after the conquest of Wales, he converted Conway and Carnarvon into mansions for comfort, and castles for defence. The great hall, the oval chambers, glass windows, and private chapels now became luxuries of the great; and what these great halls were, may be seen from Westminster Hall, which was originally connected with a royal palace. As yet there was no trace of what is now understood as wall decoration. There were roofs of oak or chestnut, showing great constructive and artistic ingenuity, and panelled or planked wall-linings and stained glass windows; but even tapestry, that movable and more convenient form of Eastern ornamentation, was yet unknown among the noble, except, perhaps, in my lady's bower or parlour, where she received her visitors. The herald painters were the first race of colour decorators in England, and after the pointed style of architecture had given place to the Tudor, the superabundance of shields introduced into that style, gave ample scope for the introduction of abundant colours. Henry VIII. may be said to have first affected the architecture of England by the partial introduction of the Italian style, and although the palace at Cheam, known as Non-such House, was built by English workmen, it was decorated in all its details by Italian artists. Cousin to royal Charles of Germany, and the first Francis, Henry invited Raffaele and Titian to London; but failing in securing artists of such eminence to decorate the palaces he was building with such profusion, he was compelled to accept the services of Trevisé, Parini, and Hans Holbein, and the trio combined the arts and crafts of historical and portrait painter, architect, and engineer, house decorator and modeller, carver and engraver. When John of Padua was appointed as Deviser of his Majesty's buildings, the introduction of the Italian style might be considered complete; and with it came wall and ceiling decoration, not of that sordid kind which is produced by machines, animate or inanimate, but of that higher style of embellishment which elevated the decorator into a position with the artist, and which, as the case of the three Italians employed by Henry VIII., found the decorator and the historical painter combined in the same person. Decorators in those days were like players, a peripatetic race, which "tramped" from mansion to mansion, or from city to city, asking work and finding it at rates even less remunerative than Germans receive who now follow the same mode of life; and it is said that to a band of these travelling artists Holyrood Palace, at Edinburgh, owes all its enriched ceilings and the vigorous plaster figures in that staircase, which is now so seldom seen as almost to be forgotten by those interested in Art, and the existence of which is all but unknown to the general public. Tapestry became fashionable about the same period. Queens worked at it with laborious diligence; and although Raffaele would not leave Italy to decorate English palaces, he painted his magnificent cartoons as designs for wall decorations.

Indeed, from the earliest times, tapestries have been considered gifts worthy of kings to bestow or receive. From those manufactured in the desert, for the Tabernacle, up to those last finished in the Gobelins—through Grecian, Persian, and European history, the amount and character of knowledge, civilization, and Art might be traceable in this species of interior embellishment. But it came late to England, and did not long remain: it was too laborious and artistic for the general education of those able to afford it, and too expensive for all but those millionnaires who counted their wealth by the number of their retainers, and whose bank accounts consisted of bullocks grazing on baronial acres. The small gentry and smaller middle class had each its substitute for what was beyond reach. The walls of the knight were covered with velvet, plain or figured; while worsted stuff sufficed for those of the squire; and even below these there would be found some covering for unseemly plaster. It was just at this period when the general desire for embellishment of this description forced invention to the discovery of paper-staining as a most desirable boon to domestic comfort, and the rapid strides of this manufacture showed that the discovery was welcomed with avidity, and worked with energy.

Nor were other circumstances less favourable, not only to supply a felt want, but also in the artistic requirements: the discovery was opportune, and English paper-staining may be considered as the offspring of a period and state of Art peculiarly adapted for the rapid and legitimate development of that branch of industry; although, as events proved, our countrymen allowed the French to run off with their chariot. The style now called Elizabethan was superseded by that compound of Roman and Gothic now known as the Italian; but the spirit of the Elizabethan, which was more distinctly national, had taken deep root, and still exercised a powerful influence on the habits and ideas of the people. In architecture the style had itself, as a fashion, passed away, but its principles—the principles of flat surface ornamentation, based on the repetition of well-balanced forms—remained in everything, from the family chests and wardrobes of the cavalier, to the pointed beard of the Puritan. This principle of stiff formality was like a upas-tree, blighting the higher aspirations of Art; but it was in a degree essential to successful paper-staining, and therefore in it found congenial development. It was the grave of high Art, but it was the basis of Art-industry; and while portrait-painting was going down, and historical painting was extinguished, the very causes of this degeneracy were producing creditable forms and well coloured surfaces—the bones and sinews of successful paper-staining.

Two distinct, and in some respects very different, influences gradually undermined the truer basis of the Elizabethan style, which had hitherto embraced our modern native Art-industry. The greater intercourse in earlier times between Scotland and France had little effect on the mansions of the northern kingdom, because neither the civilization, the wealth, nor the taste of the people, were such as to make them fascinated with French brilliance, although even there the influence of France is distinctly traceable in much of the plaster ornamentation of the seventeenth century. But in England, with its greater wealth, and, therefore, greater social requirements, as the love of foreign travel increased among the richer classes, the influence of French splendour became conspicuous, and, to some extent, the influence of Italian art also began to shed its radiance over the mansions of the noble; not merely in the gathering together of pictures and articles of *verthé*, which were exercising an involuntary influence upon the taste of their possessors, but in the more substantial

form of having their drawing-rooms ornamented after the Italian style. It was, no doubt, very impure, and it often had a strong admixture of *Louis Quatorze* dashed into about an equal portion of Italian; but still, the latter was the evidently predominant element, and some of the apartments fitted up in this early style had often both richness as well as great delicacy of effect. One of the earliest, and by far the finest form in which this style superseded tapestry and preceded paper-hangings, was in the form of arabesques painted on satin or silk, and the panels fronted with gold mouldings and ornamentations—the arabesque forming the style, and the panel being filled with glass-damask, or left plain, which was, perhaps, the best arrangement, where pictures were required to be seen. Many of these decorations, generally the work of foreigners resident in this country, were equal to the best specimens of German decoration at present to be found in England—and perhaps that is not saying much. They were the painstaking productions of laborious journey-work, rather than vigorous and spirited work of great or even dextrous ornamentists.

As intercourse with our "natural enemy" increased, the Italian element gradually became less prominent, and for a long series of years nearly every publication issued, bearing on ornamental art, was made up exclusively of adaptations of the styles rampant during the reigns of the French Louises. For purposes of metal and gilded work, the style had advantages possessed by no other, and it was susceptible of the highest pitch of conventionalism; but when applied to wall decorations, it was also capable of being turned into ridicule: for nothing could well be more absurd than fragments of scroll-work, coming down from under the cornice, in vivid colours on the wall, supporting a bird of paradise, or cockatoo; or a heavier scroll emerging from a corner of the room, twisted and festooned till it was considered a becoming throne for a squirrel or a monkey. But while hand decorations were degenerating into the latter specimens of fantasies, the former—those with more of the Italian element—although less fashionable, were cheapened and popularized through the commoner medium of paper-hangings; and nearly one hundred years ago Eckhardt, whose premises were in the neighbourhood of May Fair, was turning out printed arabesques equal to anything yet produced by English paper-stainers. These arabesques were used for the corners of rooms; public taste then preventing that barbarism which latter progress has produced—of making perpendicular ornament answer horizontal purposes, and of lowering rooms, always too low, by taking as much as possible from the appearance of height both at top and bottom.

Another influence, still stronger, was at work, corrupting the former better taste in paper-hangings, and kindred Art-industries. Calicut, a seaport in the province of Malabar, is remarkable for more than being the first Indian port visited by Vasco da Gama. It received its name from "cock-crowing," and the sound seems determined to reverberate through all lands, as its influence has already permeated the life and industry of England. It was the seat of cotton manufactures in India, the spot from which we derive the word *calico*, and the influence of calico has been great over the industrial arts of this country, and especially our paper-staining. In Egypt and India the process of calico-printing has been used for 3,000 years, but there it was still kept as an art—one in which princesses sometimes spent their lives in elaborating with the pencil, figures which were to be fixed by the dyer. But the productive power of Britain could not endure such waste of time. The early processes were laid aside to make way for flat copper plates, and then the cylinder superseded the pencil in the

production of patterns. Whether calico-printing commenced in England in 1676, or in 1696, is comparatively of little consequence to the present purpose. It was undoubtedly a considerable time after the introduction of paper-staining, and not till commerce had made the richer classes acquainted with the brilliant fabric of the East. After the large print-work was established at Broomly Hall, in Essex, the silk-weavers of Spitalfields became so riotous that government first imposed heavy duties, then prohibited the importation of printed cotton, and in 1720 prohibited the wear of all printed cottons, whether home-made or imported. Still the people had seen and become fascinated by the brilliant colours, and the law was relaxed, so that printed goods might be worn on paying a duty of sixpence a yard, and cotton was under fiscal laws till so late as 1831. But no enactments could restrain its influence on public taste. The love for show produced roses and green leaves, which the want of chemical knowledge and artistic feeling necessarily made crude; and the demand for chintzes stimulated production, but left taste uncared for. This acted and reacted on manufacturers and purchasers, till the last embers of Elizabethan influence were extinguished in floods of lakes and greens—hideous blotches that were supposed to represent flowers, as destitute of Art as they were untrue to nature. The vast increase of a rising middle class—those just risen, and therefore most anxious to proclaim their rise by seeing it reflected around them—and the general increase of wealth, stimulated the trade in printed calicoes, and the step from furniture prints to printed wall-papers was both short and easy. Each had to vie with each in brilliancy, to prevent the one killing, or, as the popular phrase went, "looking poor," beside the other; so that it became a competition in vulgarity rather than a combination of taste. Here French influence forced ignorance on in the wrong direction. Intercourse with France was bringing larger sections of the people into a cursory knowledge of the style common to France, which, through high protective duties, they were unable to purchase. The least observant traveller saw at a glance that the French were fond of colour, and that French colour was always pleasing, and English manufacturers and purchasers were seduced into the delusion that brilliancy and plenty of colour are synonymous terms. As if to intensify the evil, those whom our manufacturers were imitating were artistically a degenerate and degenerating race. What the Italian artists after the Carracci were to the period of Raffaele, the French designs of the last century have been to the great French ornamentists; so that our manufacturers were following those who were falling by rapid strides from creative genius to meretricious show. Still French productions had charms which it was impossible to resist, and, worthy of all imitation, the charm of high finish, and the higher charm of hiding absence of thought in elegant and accomplished external qualities. They, as we, were revelling in the naturalistic theory of ornamentation; but false and delusive as it is, they produced their impossible flowers and hybrid fruit with a gorgeousness and delicacy of colour to which English manufacturers were, and still are, strangers—qualities irresistible to ordinary minds, and which perpetuated in this country what the rage for printed calicoes had so successfully introduced.

Such was the general state of paper-staining in England up to a very recent period—a period so recent that the trade is only now getting back to its first and truer standards of production, by emerging slowly but surely from that long intermediate state of declension, which has been but glanced at in this rapid sketch. One early barrier in the way of paper-staining

becoming cheap, and, therefore, in extensive use in this country, was in expensive paper, and sometimes in the want of it. We, no doubt, read of Tate having a mill at Hertford early in the sixteenth century, and of a German who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, for establishing one at Dartford in 1588; but so little progress had been made in English paper-making, and so much was brought from France and Holland, that the righteous soul of Fuller was stirred within him by the facts, and he declared "against vast sums of money expended in our land for paper out of Italy, France, and Germany, which might be lessened, were it made in our own nation." What now also appears another enormous disadvantage, but which was then common to all nations, was the fact that, when paper was found, it was in single sheets, which took sixteen, pasted together, to make up the piece of twelve yards; but as a set-off against this, the earlier English paper-stainers, like the French to this day, had the advantage of working on a linen, instead of a cotton, base—an advantage in many kinds of work so great, as to make all the difference between superior and inferior paper-hangings. How this difference arises, or in what it consists, is no part of the present subject, belonging more to the manufacture of paper than of paper-hangings; but that it does exist is a fact known to every practical printer, whether he work with types, plates, or blocks. The ground seems richer, and the impression clearer, as well as more solid, on paper made from linen; and this in part accounts for the better quality of surface, and apparent finish, which prevailed in the English made paper-hangings, before cotton became the staple "raw stuff" of our paper-mills. With an excise duty of 3d. per pound on printing papers at the mill, with all the vexations and restrictions which that represented, and with a further duty of 1½d. per square yard when this paper was converted into paper-hangings, it is not difficult to understand how the progress of paper-staining was impeded in this country, and how it became a French industry for the entire European market. The home trade was crippled, the export trade destroyed, and the natural result was to prevent enterprise from employing Art in perfecting the manufacture. That genius would have arisen equal to the occasion, had there been inducement to call it forth, is evident from many kindred arts, and from none more than from modern ceramic Art in England. Had a threepenny tax been levied on every pound of clay, and had one exciseman followed Wedgwood, and another stood over Flaxman, to watch and tax every figure produced, it is difficult to suppose that we could at this day have boasted of one of the crowning glories of the modern industrial Art of Europe—the Wedgwood ware of England. From the time that cotton became the base of English-made paper, up to the very recent period when the duty on paper was reduced from 3d. to 1½d., and the excise duty on paper-hangings was abolished, everything was against the progress of paper-staining in this country; while in France, where the trade was not only unfettered, but encouraged, the makers there took one branch from this country after another, until we have nothing left but the raw material, which the French trade import from Britain, and then send it back in the form of manufactures.

The twenty years previous to the Great Exhibition of 1851 may be considered as the period during which paper-hangings began to assume the proportions of an important trade, and in the first rage for low prices the hideous darks produced were often worse, and seldom better, than the style of stencilling which the cheaper papers superseded; and indeed some of them were done by the same process. A

series of these early patterns would, even now, be as great a curiosity as a series of the old popular and cheap literature, in which Teddy the Tyler secured a prominent place. Even at the Great Exhibition there were few branches of English Art-industry worse represented than paper-staining; and the failure consisted generally in an excess of overdoing. What were meant for "genteel" patterns were raw in colour, and sickly, instead of being refined; while those meant as showy, seemed to scream in treble-throated discordance. This was the rule, and the exceptions only made it more conspicuous; but to paper-stainers, as to others, that world's ordeal was of incalculable service; because, with the exception of paper-hangings used for the lowest markets, in a general way, the cheapest class of paper-hangings made now are based upon truer principles of wall decoration, than were the best class so late as 1851.

JOHN STEWART.

INDUSTRY.

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

THE title given to this statue by the lady who sculptured it was, if we remember correctly, 'The Knitting-Girl.' We have preferred one of a more general and comprehensive nature, warranted not only by the "attributes" with which the figure is invested, but also by the motto encircling the base—a line borrowed from the well-known "moral song" which, since it was written, almost every child who is taught anything, learns to lip in its earliest years. All such abstract titles must, however, be considered comparatively indefinite; they furnish a clue to the meaning of the work, but nothing more: the key which opens it and makes it intelligible, must be found in the work itself. "Industry," for instance, might be exemplified in a hundred different forms, that would suggest themselves to any mind, especially in a country like ours, which may be regarded as the mart of industry, as varied as it is wide; in others it would be necessarily more limited; and in some few, the word would seem to be almost, if not quite, unknown, and would, therefore, have no definite meaning attached to it.

Mrs. Thornycroft's statue represents this moral virtue by a young girl, bearing in one hand materials for needlework, and in the other a book: the symbols are very properly selected, as significant of manual and intellectual "industry;" the face, however, is scarcely in harmony with these characteristics; it is childlike and pleasant, but there is an expression of heaviness that would incline us to assume that books and work were less acceptable than healthful play.

In all the qualities which constitute sculptural excellence, this little figure commends itself to favourable regard: it stands easily, the action of the limbs is natural, and the costume is picturesque in form and arrangement. If the fold which crosses the right arm, just above the elbow, were less obtrusive, it would have improved that portion of the drapery.

OBITUARY.

MR. ALFRED HERBERT.

We have been requested, and willingly devote a small space in our columns for the purpose, to record the recent sudden death of this artist, who has left a widow and seven children totally unprovided for.

Mr. Herbert was a painter of marine subjects, but entirely self-taught. Till within the last five or six years his drawings were little known, except among dealers, one of whom, Mr. Henry Palmer, of the Strand, became a liberal purchaser of them. Latterly, he was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy; but the difficulties of the former period of his life, and the claims of his large family, entirely prevented his making any provision for those who survive him. Their present destitute condition makes a strong appeal to the benevolent.



ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE. FROM THE STATUE BY MM THORNYCROFT.



THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XIII.



It was mid-autumn when we visited Beverly House; and the Sugar-Loaf Mountain, at the foot of which it stands, exhibited those gorgeous hues which give such unequalled splendour to American forests at that season of the year. From the summit is a grand and extensive view of the surrounding scenery, which Dr. Dwight (afterwards President of Yale College) described in 1778, as "majestic, solemn, wild, and melancholy." Dwight was then chaplain of a Connecticut regiment stationed at West Point, and ascended the Sugar Loaf with the soldier-poet, Colonel Humphreys. Under the inspiration of feeling awakened by the grandeur of the sight, he conceived and partly composed his prophetic hymn, beginning with the words—

"Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

General Arnold was at the mansion of Colonel Robinson (Beverly House) on the morning of the 24th of September, 1780, fully persuaded that his treasonable plans for surrendering West Point and its dependencies into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief,—then in possession of New York,—for the consideration of a brigadier's commission in the British army, and £10,000 in gold, were working prosperously. This subject we shall consider



THE INDIAN FALLS.

more in detail hereafter. We will only notice, in this connection, events that occurred at the Beverly House.

Major André, Arnold's immediate accomplice in treasonable designs, had, in a personal interview, arranged the details of the wicked bargain, and left for New York. Arnold believed he had arrived there in safety, with all requisite information for Sir Henry; and that before Washington's return from Connecticut, whither he had gone to hold a conference with Rochambeau and other French officers, Clinton would have sailed up the Hudson and taken possession of the Highland fortresses. But André did not reach New York. He was captured on his way, by militia-men, as a suspicious looking traveller. Evidences of his character as a spy were found upon his person, and he was detained. Washington returned sooner than Arnold expected him. To the surprise of the traitor, Hamilton and Lafayette reached the Beverly House early on the morning of the 24th, and announced that Washington had turned down to the West Point Ferry, and would be with them soon. At breakfast Arnold received a letter from an officer below, saying, "Major André, of the British Army, is a

prisoner in my custody." The traitor had reason to expect that evidences of his own guilt might arrive at any moment. He concealed his emotions. With perfect coolness he ordered a horse to be made ready, alleging that his presence was needed "over the river" immediately. He then left the table, went into the great passage, and hurried up the broad staircase to his wife's chamber. In brief and hurried words he told her that they must instantly part, perhaps for ever, for his life depended on his reaching the enemy's lines without detection. Horror-stricken, the poor young creature, but one year a mother, and not two a wife, swooned and sank senseless upon the floor. Arnold dare not call for assistance, but kissing, with lips blasted by words of guilt and treason, his boy, then sleeping in angel innocence and purity, he rushed from the room, mounted a horse, hastened to the river, flung himself into his barge, and directing the



INDIAN BROOK.

six oarsmen to row swiftly down the Hudson, escaped to the *Future*, a British sloop-of-war, lying far below.

Washington arrived at the Beverly House soon after Arnold left it. As yet no suspicion of treason had entered his mind. After a hasty breakfast, he crossed to West Point, expecting to find Arnold there. "I have heard nothing from him for two days," said Colonel Lamb, the commanding officer. Washington's suspicions were awakened. He soon re-crossed the river, where he was met by Hamilton with papers just received revealing Arnold's guilt. He called in Knox and Lafayette for counsel. "Whom can we trust now?" he inquired with calmness, while deep sorrow evidently stirred his bosom. At the



VIEW FROM ROSSITER'S MANSION.

same time the condition of Mrs. Arnold, who was frantic with grief and apprehension, awakened his liveliest sympathies. "The general went up to see her," wrote Hamilton in describing the scene. "She upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child, for she was quite beside herself. One moment she raved; another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have moved insensibility itself." Washington believed her innocent of all previous knowledge of her husband's guilt, and did all in his power to soothe her. "She is as good and innocent as an angel, and as

incapable of doing wrong," Arnold wrote to Washington, from the *Vulture*, imploring protection for his wife and child. Ample protection was afforded, and Mrs. Arnold and her infant were conveyed in safety to her friends.*

Mr. Arden kindly took us in his carriage from Beverly to Indian Brook, a clear mountain stream that makes its way in rapids and cascades, through a wild ravine, from the hills to the river. It falls into the deep marshy bay between Garrison's and Cold Spring. We stopped on the way to view the river and mountains below West Point, from the residence of Eugene Dutihl, Esq. His mansion is upon a point of the plain, shaded by a grove of pines, overlooking a deep dark dell, with a sparkling brook in its bosom, on one side, and the river and grand mountain scenery on the other. The view southward from his piazza is one of the most interesting and beautiful (though not the most extensive) among the Highlands, comprehending the site of Forts Clinton and Montgomery—the theatre of stirring and most important events in the war for



WEST POINT FOUNDRY.

independence. From thence we passed along the brow of the declivity next the river, to the mansion of Ardenia, from which one of the finest views of West Point may be obtained; and then rode to Indian Brook, passing, on the way, the ancient Philipaburg Church, in which the officers of the Continental Army had worshipped during the Revolution, and the grounds and mansions of wealthy residents in that vicinity.

We crossed Indian Brook on a rustic bridge, just below the Indian Falls, whose murmur fell upon the ear before we came in sight of the stream. These falls have formed subjects for painting and poetry, and are the delight of the neighbourhood in summer. In the small space allotted for each of our illustrations and accompanying descriptions, we can convey only faint ideas of the wild beauty of the scenes we are called upon to depict in this mountain region of the Hudson. We were on the Indian Brook on a bright October day, when the foliage was in its greatest autumnal splendour, and the leaves were falling



UNDERCLIFF.

in gentle showers among the trees, the rocks, and in the sparkling water, appearing like fragments of rainbows cast, with lavish hand, into the lap of earth. At every turn of the brook, from its springs to its union with the Hudson, a pleasant subject for the painter's pencil is presented. Just below the bridge, where the highway crosses, is one of the most charming of these "bits." There,

* Mrs. Arnold was the traitor's second wife. She was the daughter of Mr. Shippen, a loyalist of Philadelphia, and was only eighteen years of age at the time of her marriage to Arnold, while he was military governor of that city in 1778. The child, above-mentioned, was named James Robertson. He entered the British army, and rose to the rank of Colonel of Engineers. He was at one time the aide-de-camp of Her Majesty. In 1841 he was transferred from the Engineers' Corps, and in 1846 was a major-general and a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

in the narrow ravine, over which the tree tops intertwine, huge rocks are piled, some of them covered with feathery fern, others with soft green mosses, and others as bare and angular as if just broken from some huge mass, and cast in there by Titan hands. In midsummer this stream is still more attractive, for there, as Street has sung of the Willewemoc,—

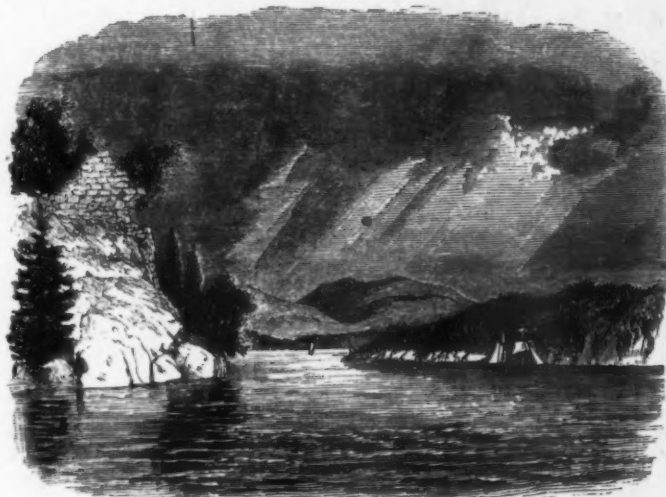
"A fresh, damp sweetness fills the scene,
From dripping leaf and moistened earth,
The odour of the winter green
Floats on the air that now have birth;
Plashes and air-bells all about,
Proclaim the gambols of the trout,
And calling bush and answering tree,
Echo with woodland melody."

In the neighbourhood of this mountain stream, are delightful summer residences, fitted for occupation all the year round. Among the most pleasing of these, in their relation to the surrounding scenery, are those of Dr. Moore, late President of Columbia College, and Mr. De Rham, a retired merchant. We passed through their grounds on our way to Cold Spring village, and wished for space, among our sketches of the Highland scenery, for pen and pencil pictures of charming spots upon these and the neighbouring estates.

Our road to Cold Spring lay through the region occupied by portions of the American army at different times during the old war for independence. There, in the spring of 1781, the troops and others stationed there, were inoculated with the small-pox. "All the soldiers, with the women and children," wrote Dr. Thacher, an army surgeon, "who have not had the small-pox, are now under inoculation." "Of five hundred who were inoculated here," he wrote subsequently, "only four have died." This was about fifteen years before Jenner made successful experiments in vaccination.

This portion of the Highlands is a charming region for the tourist on the Hudson; and the lover of nature, in her aspects of romantic beauty and quiet majesty, should never pass it by.

The first glimpse of Cold Spring village from the road is from the northern slope of an eminence thickly sprinkled with boulders, which commands a perfect view of the whole amphitheatre of hills, and the river winding among them. We turned into a rude gate on the left, and followed a newly-beaten track to the



RUINS OF BATTERY ON CONSTITUTION ISLAND.

brow of this eminence, on the southern verge of which Rossiter, the eminent painter (a copy of whose picture of 'Washington at Mount Vernon' was presented to the Prince of Wales at the Federal Capitol), is erecting an elegant villa. The house was nearly completed, but the grounds around were in a state of transition from the ruggedness of the wilderness to the mingled aspects of Art and Nature, formed by the direction of good taste. It is a most delightful place for an artist to reside, commanding one of the most extensive and picturesque views to be found in all that Highland region. The river is seen broken into lakes, in appearance; and on all sides rise in majesty the everlasting hills. Only at one point—a magnificent vista between Mount Taurus and the Storm King—can the world without be seen. Through it a glimpse may be had of the beautiful country around Newburgh.

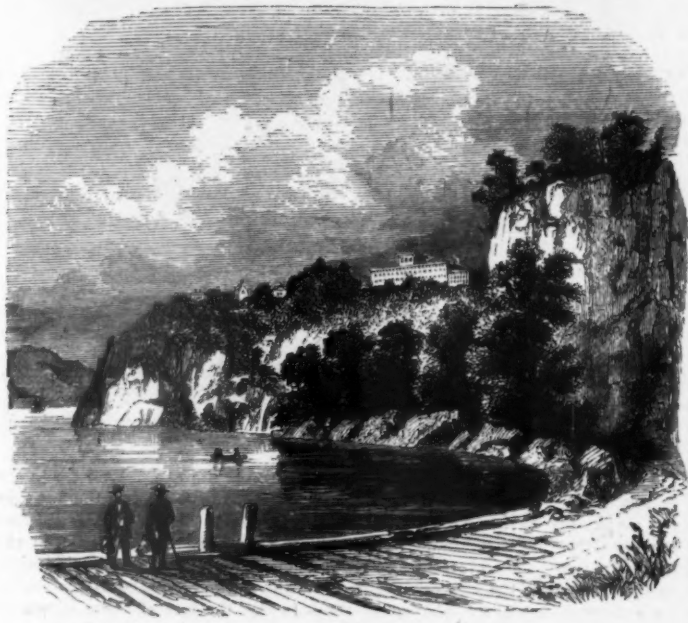
Below us we could hear the deep breathing of furnaces, and the sullen, monotonous pulsations of trip-hammers, busily at work at the West Point Foundry, the most extensive and complete of the iron-works of the United States. Following a steep, stony ravine that forms the bed of a water-course during rain-storms, we descended to these works, which lie at the head of a marshy cove, and at the mouth of a deep gorge, through which flows a clear mountain stream called Foundry Creek. We crossed the marsh upon a causeway, and from a rocky point of Constitution Island obtained a good panoramic view of the establishment. Returning to the foundry, we followed a pleasant pathway near the bay, into a large grove spared from the original forest, in which are situated the dwellings of a former and the present proprietors of the works.* One of these, the honourable Gouverneur Kemble, an intimate and

* The West Point Foundry was established in 1817, by an association organized for the chief purpose of manufacturing heavy iron ordnance, under a contract with the government. That still forms a large portion of its business. The works now consist of a moulding house; a gun foundry; three cupolas and three air furnaces; two boring mills; three blacksmiths' shops; a trip-hammer weighing eight tons for heavy wrought iron-work; a turning shop; a boiler shop; and several other buildings used for various purposes. The quantity of iron used varies with the nature and demand of work. Upwards of fifty tons of pig metal have been melted for a single casting. The annual

life-long friend of Irving and Paulding, and a former proprietor, withdrew from active participation in the business of the establishment several years ago, and is now enjoying life there in elegant retirement, and dispensing a generous hospitality. He has a gallery of rare and excellent pictures, and a choice library; and is surrounded by evidences of refined taste and thorough cultivation.

Leaving the residence of Mr. Kemble at twilight, we made our way through the grove, and the village of Cold Spring beyond, to "Undercliff," the summer dwelling of America's best lyric poet, George P. Morris. Broad Morris Avenue leads to a spacious iron gate, which opens into the grounds around "Undercliff." From this, through an avenue of stately trees, the house is approached. It is a substantial edifice of Doric simplicity in style, perfectly embowered when the trees are in full leaf, yet commanding, through vistas, some charming views of the river and the neighbouring mountains. Northward, and near it, rises Mount Taurus, with its impending cliff that suggested the name of the poet's country seat. It is the old "Bull Hill" which, in Irving's exquisite story of "Dolph Heyliger," "bellowed back the storm" whose thunders had "crashed on the Donder Berg, and rolled up the long defile of the Highlands, each headland making a new echo."

A late writer has justly said of "Undercliff"—"It is a lovely spot—beautiful in itself, beautiful in its surroundings, and inexpressibly beautiful in the home affections which hallow it, and the graceful and genial hospitality which, without pretence or ostentation, receives the guest, and with heart in the grasp of the hand, and truth in the sparkle of the eye, makes him feel that he is



COZZENS'S.

welcome." Over that household, a daughter, the "fair and gentle Ida," celebrated in the following beautiful poem, now presides:—

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cro' Nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star!
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

"The snow flake that the cliff receives,
The diamond of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
Yet Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

"My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crowned Highlands, where
My Ida's footsteps roam:
Oh for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home!"

Between Cold Spring and West Point lies a huge rocky island, now connected to the main by a reedy marsh already referred to. It was called by the Dutch navigators Martelaer's Island, and the reach in the river between it and the Storm King, Martelaer's Rack, or Martyr's Reach. The word martyr was used in this connection to signify *contending* and *struggling*, as vessels coming up the river with a fair wind would frequently find themselves, immediately after passing the point of the island into this reach, struggling with the wind right ahead.

The Americans fortified this island very early in the old war for independence. The chief military work was called Fort Constitution, and the island has ever

consumption varies from 5,000 to 10,000 tons, with about 1,000 tons of boiler-plate and wrought iron. The present number of hands employed is about 800. Sometimes 700 men are at work there. The establishment is conducted by Robert P. Parrott, Esq., formerly a captain of Ordnance in the United States Army.

since been known as Constitution Island. It contains very little arable land, and is chiefly composed of rugged rocky heights, every one of which now bears the ruins of the old military works. To its shore nearest approaching West Point the Great Chain, which we have already considered, was fastened; and upon a high bluff near (delineated in the sketch) are yet seen the remains of a



CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

heavy battery—a part of Fort Constitution—placed there to protect the river obstructions.

Constitution Island now belongs to Henry Warner, Esq., the father of the gifted and popular writers, Susan and Anna B. Warner.* They reside in a pleasant cottage, near the southern border of the island. Its kitchen was one of the barracks of Fort Constitution. It fronts upon a beautiful lawn that slopes to the river, and is sheltered by evergreen and deciduous trees, and beautified by flowers and shrubbery. Although within the sound of every



THE ROAD TO COZZENS'S DOCK.

paddle upon the river, every beat of the drum or note of the bugle at West Point, every roll and its echo of trains upon the railway, "Wood Crag" is

* "Miss Susan Warner," says Duy Minck, in the "Cyclopedia of American Literature," "made a sudden step into eminence as a writer, by the publication, in 1849, of 'The Wide, Wide World,' a novel in two volumes." Her second novel was "Queechy." She is also the author of a theological work entitled "The Law and the Testimony." Her sister is the author of "Dollars and Cents," a novel; and several very pleasing volumes for young people. "The Hills of the Shatemuc," a tale of the Highlands, is the joint production of these gifted sisters.

almost as retired from the bustling world as if it was in the deep wilderness of the Upper Hudson. It is a charming home for a child of genius.

On a pleasant morning in October, while the trees were yet in full leaf and brilliant with the autumnal tints, we went from our home to Garrison's station on the Hudson River Railway, and crossed to Cozzens's, a summer hotel in the Highlands, about a mile below West Point. It is situated near the brow of a cliff on the western shore of the river, about 180 feet above tide water, and affords a most delightful home, during the heat of summer, to numerous guests, varying in number from 250 to 500. There, ever since the house was opened for guests in 1849, Lieutenant-General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, has made his head-quarters during the four or five warmer months of the year. It is a place of fashionable resort from June until October, and at times is overflowing with guests, who fill the mansion and the several cottages attached to it. Among the latter is the studio of Leutze, the historical painter. Only a few days before our visit, it had been the scene of great festivity on the occasion of the reception of the Prince of Wales and his suite, who spent a day and a night there, and at West Point, enjoying the unrivalled mountain and river scenery that surround them.

The pleasure-grounds around Cozzens's are now extensive, and are becoming beautiful. They have been redeemed from the wilderness state, by labour, within ten years. We remember passing through that region before the hand of man was put forth for its redemption, and seeing the huge boulders—the "wandering rocks" of the geologist—strewn over the surface of the earth like apples beneath fruitful trees after an autumn storm.

Between Cozzens's and the mountains is a small cruciform stone church, erected years before the hotel was contemplated, chiefly by the contribution of Professor Robert W. Weir, of West Point, the eminent historical painter, and one of the best of men in all the relations of life. It is really a memorial church, built in commemoration of his two sainted children, and called "The



BUTTERMILK FALL.

Church of the Holy Innocents." For this pious purpose he devoted a portion of the money which he received from the United States Government for his picture of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," now in the Rotunda of the Federal Capitol. Divine service, according to the modified ritual of the Church of England, is held there regularly, and the seats are free to all who choose to occupy them. We trust our friend, whose modest nature shrinks from notoriety, will pardon us for this revelation of his sacred deed. The world, which needs good teachings, is entitled to the benefit of his noble example.

All about the cliffs, on the river front of Cozzens's, are winding paths, some leading through romantic dells and ravines, or along and across a clear mountain stream that goes laughing in pretty cascades down the steep shore to the river. The main road, partly cut like a sloping terrace in the rocks, is picturesque at every turn, but especially near the landing, where pleasant glimpses of the river and its water craft may be seen. Altogether Cozzens's and its surroundings form one of the most attractive places on the Hudson to those who seek health and pleasure.

At Cozzens's Dock we procured a waterman, who took us to several places of interest in the vicinity. The first was Buttermilk Fall, half a mile below, on the same side of the river. Here a small stream comes rushing down the rocks in cascades and foaming rapids, falling more than a hundred feet in the course of as many yards. The chief fall, where the stream plunges into the river, is over a sloping granite rock. It spreads out into a broad sheet of milk-white foam, which suggested its name to the Dutch skippers, and they called it *Boter Melck Val*—Buttermilk Fall. The stream affords water-power for flour-mills at the brink of the river. The fall is so great, that by a series of overshoot water-wheels, arranged at different altitudes, a small quantity of water does marvellous execution. Large vessels come alongside the elevator on the river front, and there discharge cargoes of wheat and take in cargoes of flour.

Road paths and bridges are so constructed that visitors may view the great fall and the cascades above from many points. The latter have a grand and

wild aspect when the stream is brimful, after heavy rains and the melting of snows.

On the rough plain above is the village of Buttermilk Fall, containing over 300 inhabitants. The country around is exceedingly rough and picturesque, especially in the direction of Fort Montgomery, three or four miles below; while on the brow of the high river bank near, there are some pleasant summer residences. Among these is the dwelling of Mr. Bigelow, the associate of Mr. Bryant, the poet, in the ownership and conduct of the *New York Evening Post*.

Here on the smooth faces of the rock may be seen a desecration which deserves the severest reprobation. All through the Highlands, on the line of



UPPER CASCADES, BUTTERMILK FALL.

the Hudson River Railway, the same offence meets the eye. We refer to the occupation of smooth rocks by great staring letters, announcing the fact that one shopkeeper in New York has "Old London Dock Gin" for sale, and that another sells "Paphian Lotion for beautifying the Hair." We protest, in the name of every person of taste who travels upon the river and the road, against such disfiguring of the picturesque scenery of the Hudson Highlands, by making the out-cropping rocks of the grand old hills play the part of those itinerants who walk the streets of New York with enormous placards on their backs.

We crossed the river from Buttermilk Fall to the "Beverly Dock," which is interesting only as the place where Arnold, the traitor, entered his barge in which he escaped to the *Vulture* sloop-of-war, on the morning when he fled



BEVERLY DOCK.

from the "Beverly House," the cause of which we have already considered. Here he kept his barge moored, and here he embarked on that flight which severed him for ever from the sympathies of his countrymen—ay, of the world—for those who "accepted the treason, despised the traitor." His six oarsmen on that occasion, unconscious of the nature of the general's errand in such hot haste down the river, had their muscles strengthened by a promised reward of two gallons of rum; and the barge glided with the speed of the wind. They were awakened to a sense of their position only when they were detained on board the *Vulture* as prisoners, and saw their chief greeted as a friend by the enemies of their country. They were speedily set at liberty, in New York, by Sir Henry Clinton, who scorned Arnold for his meanness and treachery.

'LIFE AT A RAILWAY STATION,'

BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.

THIS great work of one of the ablest and most popular artists of the age, is, and has long been, "in progress;" and has been sold to Mr. L. V. FLATOU, for the prodigious sum of eight thousand seven hundred and fifty guineas!—the 750 guineas being added to the amount as an inducement to the painter to forego the right to exhibit the work at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. This is unquestionably the largest sum ever paid to an artist for a picture since Art was a profession. It is so large as to be almost incredible; but we speak from the best authority, when we state it to be correct; and as Mr. Flatou is known to be a gentleman of sound practical knowledge, as well as a thorough critic in modern Art, in which he is an extensive and successful dealer, we presume he has taken into wise account his chances of gain or loss by the transaction. These chances arise, first, from the public exhibition of the picture in London and in the provinces; next, from a purposed engraving; and eventually from its sale.

So startling a fact as this has certainly never occurred in connection with Art: an artist, by a single work, obtains a sum that any one of his predecessors in England would have regarded as the ample recompense of a life-long labour, the bare interest of which would have seemed a sufficient income to the best of the British masters who have not been twenty years in their graves. True, Mr. Frith will expend much time in the creation of this work, bearing in mind the immense amount of his reward, and the stake at issue; and, we are quite sure, will give value for "value received;" still, it will astonish the world to read this announcement as the simple record of a fact. The picture is ten feet in length, and the figures are, of course, of size in proportion; and besides the time Mr. Frith has devoted to its production, he has, we understand, been during many years making studies for it, having long looked forward to the theme as one that was calculated to extend and establish his well-earned fame.

In the hands of such a man—a man of rare genius and of matured knowledge in all that appertains to Art, and renders it effective for a great purpose—the subject is secure of the best possible treatment. And there can be conceived no subject with higher or more interesting capabilities; there is no incident of life, no phase of character, that need be excluded from it: the bride, "beautiful and young," with her husband-lover, will be there, setting out on their wedding tour; so will the arrested felon, for whom officials have been on the watch, with manacles ready; while, between the two extremes of hope and despair, virtue and crime, there will be an infinity of episodes—such as the reader may readily imagine.

The picture will therefore be, in the best sense, a great national work, full of portraiture of every class and kind that may illustrate the epoch, and "Life" as it is in England in the nineteenth century. The subject is most promising, and cannot be otherwise than most effective; it is precisely that which all who comprehend Art would have selected for Mr. Frith—and it is exactly that which all persons would desire to see pictured. Although, therefore, Mr. Flatou has paid for it so enormous a sum, it is more than probable—nay, we may regard it as certain—that he will be a gainer by the transaction; while artists, Art-lovers, and the public, will, by this means, obtain a work of universal interest, which could only be obtained by means out of the ordinary character of a commission to a Painter, and an order to an Engraver.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It is said that the Academy intends this year to limit the width of frames to three inches and a-half. If such a resolution has been passed, it is not generally known to the profession. The adoption of such a regulation would be a means of admitting into each room about forty pictures more than could be hung with the usual discretionary frames; but inasmuch as the limit would be wholly inadequate for the frame of a large work, say a full-length portrait, the measure would render it necessary that such productions should be exhibited only in slips. It is believed that the new sculpture room for the Royal Academy, and the new Italian room for the National Gallery, will be completed, notwithstanding the severity of the frost, by the end of March. Be that as it may, the sculpture room will be ready for the reception of works at the usual time, and the exhibition will, as heretofore, be opened at the beginning of May.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Mr. MacIise is assiduous in advancing his large work, the 'Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at La Belle Alliance after the Battle of Waterloo.' The process of working adopted in this case is nearly, we believe, identical with that according to which Kaulbach executed his great works on the staircase of the new museum at Berlin. With a view to learn this method, MacIise went to Berlin, and on asking permission to try the process on a piece of wall, he was treated somewhat cavalierly by the authorities, who of course knew that there was no art in England, and therefore no good thing could come out of Nazareth. But in an inconceivably short time MacIise completed his essay in a manner to change the patronizing coolness of his Berlin friends to the warmest admiration. According to this method, the face of the picture will be protected by a coating of silica, applied to the surface in a state of solution. The other frescoes advance but slowly.

THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON will shortly receive some valuable additions from Rome, a selection from the Campana Collection having been purchased from the Papal government. The catalogue contains not less than eighty or ninety pieces of what we call modern sculpture, in contradistinction to the Greek. The principal of these is a well-known 'Cupid' in marble, and of the size of life, in a kneeling attitude. It is supposed to be the same that is mentioned by Vasari, the pendant to the 'Bacchus' in the Uffizj, at Florence, both by Michael Angelo. It was originally the property of the Riccardi family, and stood, perhaps, in the court of their palace, which contained a collection of valuables, inasmuch as to constitute it a museum of great value. The Palazzo Riccardi is in the Via Larga at Florence, and although built about the middle of the fifteenth century, the design of the lower part of the street façade was re-cast by Michael Angelo, who executed other works for the family. Besides this 'Cupid' there are other sculptures by Donatello, Jacopo della Quercia, Andrea Orcagna, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Desiderio de Settignano, Rossellino, Luca della Robbia, &c., and in addition to the sculpture there is a selection of majolica ware.

THE GRAPHIC.—At the second meeting of this season, held on the 9th of January, there were among the contributions a small finished picture by T. Faed, containing two figures, lovers, or man and wife, who in the heat of a quarrel have all but turned their backs on each other. By the same artist there were also one or two sketches of cottage interiors; by A. J. Stark a large study of a dead stag, with a landscape background, also a close wooded landscape; by Duncan a portfolio of coast sketches; Carl Haag a portfolio of sketches in Italy and the Tyrol; Bredell a portfolio of oil sketches of Italian scenery; portfolios of the sketches of the late A. E. Chalon, carrying us back to the operatic celebrities of forty years ago; by F. Tayler some sketchy memoranda of the Dutch masters, especially a masterly Berghem; T. Dalziel a very highly finished coast view; H. Gastineau three drawings; and by Wells an elegant chalk study of a child's head.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The latest additions are—a portrait of Pope by Jervas; Sir Christopher Wren by Kneller; Sir Dudley Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, and lady. With Pope is associated a second portrait, that of Mrs. Martha

Blount, posed in a manner much like Titian's daughter. The canvas is very large, and we find the poet seated in a large red easy chair, with his head resting on his right hand. The features are those we always recognise as Pope's, but like most of Jervas's works the composition wants force and presence. The portrait of Wren, by Kneller, is, as usual, we were about to say, much better than Jervas's work: but the hands are so disposed as to break a line by an angle. The hands, moreover, make a useless display in the composition, as we sometimes see those of Vandike, but without Vandike's exquisite drawing. The head is well painted, and fresh in colour. The costume consists of a maroon velvet coat, with a wig of the kind called the Ramillies. Sir Christopher is here playing the fine gentleman with the "fifty-guinea wig." Sir Dudley Carleton and his wife, bearing date 1621, have been painted by some Dutch artist. The heads are bright in colour, especially that of the man, and broad in treatment. He wears the pointed beard of the time, and the hair of the lady is dressed à la Chinoise, but full and ornamented with pearls, as we see some of Rubens's female heads. She wears a black flowered satin gown, slashed, with a quantity of lace, made out with the utmost Dutch precision. In our last notice of this gallery the miniature of Queen Elizabeth, by Hilliard, was not placed. It is now hung over the fireplace in the great room, and framed so as to show at the back the card, the queen of hearts, on which it is painted. The drawing is accurate and extremely delicate, but the colour has flown, leaving the markings of the face almost obliterated. The drawing and painting, however, of the dress remain perfect, but so curiously minute that a magnifying glass is necessary for its perfect appreciation.

MR. BURFORD'S View of the City and Harbour of Messina, with the Straits of Faro and the Coast of Calabria, is the latest picture which has been placed in the "Panorama Royal, Leicester Square." Independently of its attraction as a work of pictorial art, the scene is especially interesting just now, from the peculiar position in which Messina stands with reference to the war for independence in that part of Italy. Messina and Gaeta are the only places yet held by the troops of the King of Naples. The feelings of the inhabitants of the former city are well-known to be strongly in opposition to the dynasty which has so long triumphed and tyrannised over them, but the citadel is garrisoned by some thousands of soldiers—little more, by the way, than an ill-disciplined rabble, yet sufficiently powerful to keep any rising in check—who will, probably, when they see a fitting opportunity, turn against and plunder those whom now they are presumed to protect. There are associations of classic history also connected with Messina and its neighbourhood, which, to the eyes of the student, will render it worth a visit. The view is taken from the lighthouse, a point which embraces the harbour, the entire city, and its environs so rich and picturesque, and the opposite shores of Calabria: all these are painted with truth and feeling. The water, or at least parts of it, are not so good; the hard dark-blue lines, which give the curl to its surface, disturb its tranquillity, as well as the harmony of that portion where Charybdis still is the terror of the Sicilian boatmen.

THE STATUES AT WESTMINSTER.—We have protested earnestly against the erection of the colossal Cœur de Lion opposite to the north façade of the Houses of Parliament. It is said that, as a pendant to this statue, a second, that of the Black Prince, is to be placed there also; and these two heroes will complete the subjugation of not only both "your" Houses, but of the Abbey also. Under the vast barrel of Richard's *destrier*, Henry the Seventh's Chapel looks like a child's toy-box. But a like mistake has been made with all the interior statuary of the Houses. Admirable as are many of the works in St. Stephen's Hall, we long ago recorded an opinion that they were too large for the place: the like objection applies to the Prince's Chamber.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS held a meeting on the evening of the 10th of last month, to present the prize medals awarded by the society, in the session of 1860, to Mr. S. Solomon, for Historical Painting; to Mr. V. Cole, for Landscape; Mr. H. Tidy, for Water-

Colour Painting; Mr. J. Durham, Sculpture; Mr. S. J. Nicholl, Architecture; and to Miss M. Power, for Poetry.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The managers of this resuscitated and favourite place of resort are intent upon adding to its attractions, and making it, more than it ever has been, one of instruction. Under the direction of the Rev. C. Mackenzie, A.M., both morning and evening classes have been formed for educational purposes, in languages, the sciences, drawing, book-keeping, &c., &c., which classes are superintended by competent professors: there are also classes for learning chess. It is proposed to include architecture and building, as soon as a sufficient number of names are entered to justify the appointment of a teacher. The morning classes are designed chiefly for ladies; those in the evening for gentlemen. We are much gratified in seeing this movement, which cannot but be most beneficial in every way. Any one desirous of obtaining information respecting it, may learn particulars by applying at the institution.

DRAWINGS BY FLAXMAN.—We are desirous of directing attention to a proposition, which appears in our advertising sheet, for purchasing, by public subscription, a portion, at least, of the drawings by Flaxman, which the late Miss Denman inherited from him. Miss Denman's executor is desirous of disposing of these beautiful works, and it is hoped a sufficient sum may be raised—about £500 will be required—to enable the committee to acquire and place them with the Flaxman sculptures in the gallery of the London University, where they may be seen by the public and studied.

ETHNOGRAPHIC SCULPTURE.—The originality and character of the two negro busts by the French sculptor Cordier, which were exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, cannot have been forgotten. M. Cordier is now exhibiting, at No. 121, Pall Mall, a collection of fifty-five sculptural works in bronze, marble, and a variety of other material, all modelled from nature, and typical of various races of the human family. These sculptures are of great variety, and extremely interesting to the ethnologist, as being all modelled from the life.

THE COLLIER CONTROVERSY.—It has not been within the range of our duties to comment upon this exceedingly painful topic; we know that opinions, equally safe and equally strong, are divided in reference to the charges urged against Mr. John Payne Collier, and while they are so, it is but reasonable and just to believe that those who demand for him a verdict of full acquittal, have the best right to be heard. It is certain, that if he has many enemies, he has many friends, who would have fallen away from him long ago, if they had not entire faith in his innocence of wrong intended or wrong done. We allude to the matter now, only because an esteemed correspondent in New York has directed our attention to a testimonial that has been transmitted to Mr. Collier from the other side of the Atlantic: it is a silver inkstand, procured by the subscriptions of several gentlemen, who tender their homage to him, for his "devoted study and elucidation" of the Works of Shakspeare, and record their "hearty condemnation of the manner in which Mr. Collier has been treated by the critics of the British Museum, and their gratification at his successful and satisfactory 'Reply' to the unworthy attacks made upon his literary reputation." At the head of the list of subscribers is the name of Mr. Balmanno, an English gentleman of high attainments in literature and Art, long resident in the United States. The "testimonial" is highly creditable to the artistic and manipulative skill of its producers, Messrs. Wood and Hughes, Gold and Silversmiths, of New York. It is, indeed—as we can say who have seen it—a very admirable piece of workmanship, such as would do honour to any of our great London firms. Its value to Mr. Payne Collier is large indeed—not to be measured by a thousand times its actual cost—as evidence of sympathy and trust, and as a mark of confidence in his integrity—doubly worth, coming, as it does, from the hands of strangers, far away from a doleful and irksome field of controversy.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, for which Parliament voted a sum of £2,000, to be erected in Trafalgar Square, has been given to Mr. Matthew Noble; the sculptor has thus a great opportunity of obtaining, or rather

establishing, fame, for he is in high repute, and he has earned the position he occupies by many evidences of industry and ability. Certainly it is not difficult to point to other sculptors who would have done the work better; and when the nation pays for Art, it is but just that what it buys should be the best the country can furnish. There may be "luck" in the success thus achieved by Mr. Noble; but we have no fear of his showing himself unworthy to receive one of the most important commissions that has yet been given by Parliament to a British sculptor.

THE STATUE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, executed by Foley for erection in Dublin, will stand prominently forth among the sculptural works of our time. Dublin is fortunate in the possession of such a work; would that all our public monuments had more of the quality of this statue. The head of Goldsmith could never be mistaken for that of any other man; the artist, therefore, with every confidence in his subject, and his own power, presents the figure standing uncovered. He holds in his left hand a note-book, and in his right, which has fallen to his side, a stile or pencil. He is earnest in thought, embarrassed about a rhyme, for he is clearly writing poetry—contemplating, perhaps, the old house at Lissoy, and sticking, it may be, at—

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd."

There is always an immense difficulty in statues in avoiding commonplace in the disposition of the hands; here they are not only naturally but usefully employed: but indeed every part of the figure is doing something, all the limbs and features bespeak natural purpose. Nolly in his heyday was fond of fine clothes; the costume here is neat, almost prim, and close fitting, without an angle to hang a query on; in short, this statue of Goldsmith is one of the greatest works of our school.

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE has succeeded in securing at Rome, for the National Gallery, an example of Fra Angelico.*

MESSRS. SOTHEY AND WILKINSON, of Wellington Street, Strand, have built a spacious and well-lighted room in Wellington Street North, for the exhibition and sale of works of Art. The dimensions of the room are 44 feet long by 26 feet in width, with a height of about 28 feet. It is proposed to open the room in February with an exhibition.

PIRACIES OF PRINTS.—Several print-publishers have had an interview with the Home Secretary, for the purpose of obtaining facilities for stopping at the Custom House piracies of English engravings, and also to obtain a more speedy and less costly way of arresting such piracies and pirates. We believe the complaint is mainly against photographers and not against engravers; beyond doubt, protection is needed, and ought to be had. There are serious difficulties in the way, but they are not insurmountable, and we imagine the evil is one of very great magnitude.

MR. GEORGE W. FLAGG, an American artist, is engaged at No. 23, Newman Street, on a version of 'Columbus and the Egg,' which at once strikes the visitor as conceived in everything according to the canons of the Venetian school. The figures, only six or seven in number, are half-lengths, some seated, others standing, relieved by an open background. The heads are Veronese-like, both in colour and character. The composition is studiously simple, and the work promises, when finished, to be a production of great merit.

MESSRS. FOSTER AND SONS will sell by auction, early in the month, a selected portion of Mr. Henry Wallis's pictures. It includes many works of a high character, as will be seen by reference to our advertisement pages.

ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.—The Artistic Copyright Committee are re-commencing proceedings as the assembling of Parliament draws near. Probably, ere long, we shall be enabled to report concerning the course they mean to pursue. We again warn them as to the great risk they incur; that which they believe beneficial to artists and Art, may seriously imperil the interests of both. We are quite sure that nine collectors out of ten will never buy a picture with any condition of any kind attached to it. It is, so to speak, the birthright of an Englishman, to "do what he likes

* Our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, states that this picture has been lost in the *Black Prince*, the vessel which was bringing it over.

with his own;" and we more than apprehend the danger of turning Art patronage into an entirely new channel, if the views of the committee are as broad and wide as we understand them to be. We earnestly entreat them, therefore, to pause and "inquire" duly and wisely as to the opinions of collectors, before they act on those of parties who, undoubtedly, often suffer intolerable wrong, but to whom a specially prescribed remedy may be a far worse evil than suffering.

BAZAAR IN AID OF THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—This is now a matter arranged; it will be held certainly in June, and, we trust, will receive the cordial and liberal aid of all Art lovers. We cannot doubt, that by this means a sufficient sum will be raised to avert so great an evil as the relinquishment of one of the best and most useful institutions of the Metropolis. In our next, we shall enter more at length into the subject, with a view to explain what the Female School of Design in Gower Street (now in Queen Square) has done, is doing, and may do, and the strong claims it advances on public support.

STATUE OF "AMERICA."—There is in progress at No. 23, Newman Street, a statue of "America," by Edward J. Kuntze, a German artist. It is conceived in the classic allegorical taste prevalent in the French and German schools. The impersonation is, of course, feminine. She stands with her left arm resting on a shield, bearing the arms of America, and with the right hand slightly extended as a welcome to all who may visit her shores. On the head appears a tiara of stars, from beneath which the hair flows gracefully on to the neck. At the feet of the figure is a profusion of American fruits and cereals. The statue is as yet only in the rough clay; but it is a work of good promise.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS ART-SCHOOL.—On the evening of the 12th of January, the first of the usual series of conversazioni was held at the Langham School, on which occasion were exhibited many pictures of merit, previously to their being sent to public institutions.

THE SOANE MUSEUM.—By the death of Mr. George Bailey the curatorship of the Soane Museum becomes vacant. The presentation is in the gift of the Royal Academy. The first meeting of the trustees was held on the 23rd of last month.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—It is not long since the decorations of the Exchange were completed. They begin, however, already to tell of the damp and smoke of one winter, and will fade as rapidly as did Mr. Sang's former paintings. The only suitable ornamentation for the Exchange of the City of London would be a history in bas-relief of British commerce. The pretty blue background to the figures in the front of the British Museum has been long effaced. No mural painting, exposed to our atmosphere, can stand. It is now proposed to cover the open area of the Exchange with glass, which will add much to the convenience of the place.

BUST OF CROMWELL.—Mr. Noble has just completed the clay model of a bust of the Protector, which contains some very high qualities of Art. The reading of the head is, to some extent, new, but it is permeated with that energy, decision, and mental power which were so characteristic of its subject. The bust is, we understand, a commission from Mr. Thomas Potter, of Manchester.

MR. PHILLIP'S fine picture of 'The Marriage of the Princess Royal'—beyond question the best work of its order ever produced—has been placed by Mr. Gambart in the hands of the eminent French engraver, M. Blanchard, by gracious permission of Her Majesty.

THE STATUE OF CROMPTON, one of the great benefactors of the cotton trade of Manchester, about to be erected by public subscription, is to be executed by the sculptor, Calder Marshall, R.A. It is thus in safe hands; a good, if not a great, work may be assured as the result.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.—Subscriptions are on foot for the erection of a bronze statue of the late Duke of Richmond, to be erected somewhere in the county of Sussex. The site has not yet been determined.

THE HAMPTSTEAD CONVERSAZIONE for this season commenced on the 16th of January, and will terminate on the 17th of April. These meetings are always attractive from the excellence of the works exhibited.

REVIEWS.

ITALY: CHILDREN HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A., from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of London.

We do not think the council of the Art-Union of London could have selected from the works of Turner a picture better calculated to please the majority of their subscribers than this; and simply because it is an intelligible subject, which many painted by him are not to everybody. Though produced at a time (1832) when the artist was exhibiting some of his strangest Art-vagaries, as they have been called, his 'Italy' is not of the number: full of beautiful imaginative material, there is yet not a passage in it which properly belongs to the mere world of fiction—nothing that breathes the atmosphere of dream-land, and which is not in accordance with Byron's description, in the lines Turner adopted for his motto to the picture:—

"And now, fair Italy,
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields and nature can decree—
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
'Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility:
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

In the foreground, above which rises the slim but stately Italian fir, so frequently seen in Turner's pictures, a number of indolent people—the pleasure-loving men and women of modern Italy—are dancing and feasting on a plot of ground overlooking a river which winds its way between richly-wooded banks, half hiding fragments of ancient architecture, and stretching right and left upwards into lofty eminences crowned with castles and monastic buildings of mediæval date. A vast range of mountains closes in the landscape, over which the sun, as it descends, shines with a golden lustre, irradiating with equal glory the monuments of dead Italy and the abodes of the living; for in the middle distance we catch a glimpse of the towers and houses of a comparatively modern town, approached by a picturesque bridge that crosses the river at an angle with the base of the picture.

The print is of considerable size, but not too large for the purpose of the society; by which we mean that the cost of framing will not in this case, as with many Art-Union prints, involve an expense that falls heavily on many subscribers. That it will be popular we cannot doubt, for it is effectively engraved by Mr. Willmore, though we should like to see a little more of the soft Italian atmosphere thrown over the distance. If the masses of trees on the right bank of the river had been "kept down," there would be greater harmony throughout: they come too forward, in connection with the nearer parts on the left bank.

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS. Published by ROWNEY and Co., London.

Since chromolithography attained the popularity it has now reached, we have been accustomed to see a large number of works of this kind making their appearance in the autumn and winter months,—by way, it might be supposed, of compensating us for the loss incurred by the closing of the majority of our picture galleries. Messrs. Rowney & Co. have just issued several novelties, both on a large and a small scale. Of the former size is 'On the River Findhorn, Morayshire,' after a drawing by T. M. Richardson: a lovely scene, not such as is usually associated with the idea of the Scottish Highlands, but of a rapidly-rushing river winding its way through a fertile and well-timbered country, with a distance extending miles away towards the Moray Firth, and the Ross-shire mountains, which bound the horizon. Mr. Richardson's pencil represents it in a bold and masterly manner, with great brilliancy of colour, and a fine effect of sunshine: the bit of foreground, with groups of figures collecting wood, is admirable. Next, there is 'On the Lake of Como,' from a drawing by T. Collingwood Smith, another print of large dimensions: on the right is a mountain range rising from the surface of the lake, and on the left a winding road along which some peasants are passing. Mountains and lake are of that deep blue colour peculiar to the country, broken, however, in the former, by a mass of rolling clouds tinged with the redness of an evening's sun. The sky, broken up into a multitude of forms, is cleverly managed, but it would have been better to omit those oblique lines in imitation of rays; they destroy the repose of the picture, and have not the effect intended. Mr. W. Bennett's 'Glen Tilt,' also of considerable size, is a close scene of rock and wood, between which a narrow spey tumbles

and flows, widening out as it descends till it occupies the breadth of the foreground: the artist's free manipulation and truthful colouring have been well copied in this print. A Cuyt-like picture is that of 'Milking-time,' after T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., a group of fine milk-cows in the pasture at eventide—a capital copy: this, and the remainder, are prints much smaller in size. 'Urquhart Castle, Loch Ness,' and 'Loch Katrine, the Trossachs,' are a pair from drawings by T. M. Richardson; the former exhibited with the effect of heavy thunder-clouds, darkening mountain and lake; the other radiant with the morning sun. The whole of the above prints are lithographed and printed by Messrs. Hanhart, and they sustain the reputation this establishment has long enjoyed for works of the kind.

From the presses of the publishers, Messrs. Rowney, we have two nice little subjects, a 'View in South Wales,' after T. L. Rowbotham, a bold and sketchy drawing; and 'Loch Awe,' after R. P. Leitch, the latter very like one of our old friend John Varley's works—and this is paying it no valueless compliment.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MARY GRANVILLE (Mrs. DELANY). Edited by the LADY LLANOVER. 3 Vols. Published by H. BENTLEY, London.

The object of the accomplished author of this deeply interesting work, is "to give a true account of a person who as 'Mrs. Delany' is still revered, and has so been for more than a hundred years," but of whom very little beyond the name is now remembered. The task of informing the world concerning the lady and her age, has been undertaken by the descendant of her only sister; and Lady Llanover has done justice to the memory of one who was honoured during her time—that time including nearly the whole of a century—by sovereigns and peers, and received always the respectful homage of general society, through four eventful reigns, enjoying self respect, and respect mingled with admiration, in every circle of which she either formed a part or to which she was known by her "talents, industry, and ingenuity," as well as by those domestic virtues which have ever been the glories of English women in English homes. It was a fitting duty for Lady Llanover to discharge: if, however, there had been no other motive but that which leads one intellectual and accomplished woman to extend the fame and give force to the example of another, this work would have supplied ample evidence that it could not have been placed in better hands. The weighty volumes have been edited with fervent enthusiasm, yet judicious discrimination, indefatigable industry, a spirit of inquiry the most comprehensive and minute, omitting nothing that can elucidate or place "character" in a new and clear light, picturing persons and explaining events that are parts of history, and, in short, so describing many important epochs, as to supply materials for volumes far more pretensions than these are assumed to be.

Although the work consists mainly of the correspondence and diary of Mrs. Delany, its value is very largely enhanced by the illustrative and explanatory notes, of which the volumes are full; there is hardly a page that does not contain two or three. The "editing," therefore, may be accepted as an example to all who undertake similar labours,—labours too often performed as if the printer were the only interpreter required to communicate between a speaker and an audience.

It is impossible for us, with our limited space, to do more than direct attention to these valuable volumes. They are brought specially within our range by the number of excellent engraved portraits they contain, of "celebrities" who flourished during the reigns of Queen Anne and three of the four Georges. It will be readily understood that Mrs. Delany was intimate and corresponded with nearly all the famous men and women of the eighteenth century. Her letters are charming proofs of the simplicity, purity, and thorough "womanhood," of her mind and heart, while they evidence rare faculties of observation and judgment. But the immense number of striking anecdotes, of amusing or instructive episodes, of illustrative characteristics of many singular and often-changing periods, give the work a value that will secure its passage into every circle in which books are read.

BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER; being a Series of Biographical Sketches. By WALTER THORNBURY, Author of "Art and Nature," "Life in Spain," &c. 2 vols. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

These volumes are almost beyond the pale of our criticism, inasmuch as a major part of their contents has already appeared in the form of contribu-

tions to the *Art-Journal*; and we know that the "sketches" have been appreciated by our subscribers. The title, however, which Mr. Thornbury has given to his book is not strictly correct, for, under the head of "Last Hours of the Painters"—which make the concluding pages of the first volume—are stories of foreign painters as well as British. It would have been well had this been stated on the title page, so that the actual contents of the work should be at once notified. Again, these papers can scarcely be called "biographical;" they are rather stories founded on certain portions of the history of the painters, through which we make their personal acquaintance rather than their artistic; we do not so much see them in their works as in their world; we meet them less frequently in the studio than out of it, surrounded by their companions, and mingling with society. Our only objection to the book is its title; this, however, will in no degree mar its interest in the estimation of those who have not yet read these interesting and vivid sketches of the founders of our school of Art.

The papers which have not appeared in our Journal are, "A Ship full of Nobodies," "Blake the Visionary," "Stothard the Graceful," "Morland in the Sponging House," "David Scott;" all of them written with the same sparkling and graphic pen as those with which our readers are acquainted: so also are the chapters which conclude the second volume, on "Epochs of Painting," "Greek Art," "Moorish Art," and "Gothic Art." If we cannot endorse all Mr. Thornbury's opinions on these matters, we can agree with him in many, and can find amusement, and often instruction, in what he says concerning all. There are few writers upon Art and artists of our day who have the faculty of rendering their remarks so generally attractive as the author of these volumes.

QUARLES' EMBLEMS. Illustrated by CHARLES BENNETT, and W. HARRY ROGERS. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

There is so much beauty of thought and diction, and there are such grand truths, expressed in the quaint writings of old Philip Quarles, that they ought not to be hidden from all but those whose delight it is to search in the dim twilight of the literature of by-gone ages. Doubtless, in the new and handsome garb which is here given to them, they will find their way into places hitherto unknown to them; and, notwithstanding the taste of the age has little in common with the spirit of the 'Emblems,' they are a treasury of moral and religious wealth, which can scarcely fail to interest even where it may not be accepted in proportion to its worth. The two artists who have worked together on the illustrations—Mr. Bennett, we presume, designing the subjects, and Mr. Rogers, the borders which surround them—have done their parts well. The former seems to have most carefully studied the text, and imparted the essence of it to his work: Mr. Rogers's skill as an ornamentist is too well known to be questioned.

THE PROMISES OF JESUS CHRIST. Illuminated by ALFRED H. WARREN. Published by BELL and DALDY, London.

Here is a little book right worthy of a Christmas or New Year's present; it is dedicated, we see, to the Princess Alice, and fit is it for the hands of the daughter of any monarch in Christendom. These scriptural jewels are placed in chaste, rich, yet most simple settings: Mr. Warren has shown not only great skill in his designs, but much good taste also. Each page exhibits one or two verses from the Evangelists, beautifully printed in black letter, with coloured initials and ornaments. But surely three or four of the passages selected can scarcely be called "Promises." This elegant *petit souvenir* is printed by Messrs. Day and Son. In this, as well as in most of the "gift-books" which have come into our hands this season, we have occasion to notice the beauty and splendour of the covers, combined with simplicity of design: there is a manifest improvement of late in these matters. We hear that a young artist of the name of Dudley has designed many, which are now making their appearance.

ANCIENT IRON-WORK FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By D. A. CLARKSON, Architect. Published by ATCHLEY & Co., London.

If, even half a century ago, the Art-manufactures of the mediæval ages had been as carefully studied as they have been within the last ten years, how much we now see would, in all probability, never have met our observation. Still, with the advances which have been recently made on all sides, we are yet far from appreciating and following out all that those glorious old workers have left for our admira-

tion. Look, for example—to instance one that suggests itself in the kind of manufactures to which Mr. Clarkson's book has especial reference—at the iron railings in front of the British Museum: can anything be more inornate and inappropriate than those common spear-headed rails? as if the building which they enclose were a prison or a lunatic asylum! We chanced to see the other day, not very far from the "Elephant and Castle," Newington, some iron-work in front of a kind of music-hall, recently opened there, which puts to shame the metal spikes that guard our National Museum from intruders.

Mr. Clarkson's quarto volume cannot fail to prove of infinite service to iron-workers. It contains nearly fifty lithographed plates—some of them showing three or four subjects—of examples taken from existing ancient specimens—gates, railings, panels, locks, keys, knockers, handles, hinges, &c., all good, and some truly beautiful. It would, however, have been more satisfactory, perhaps, had we known whence the examples were copied: there is no mention made of this. A numerous class of designers and Art-workmen, besides the iron-founder, will derive advantage from consulting these pages.

FAMILY PICTURES. By the Author of "MARY POWELL." Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE and Co., London.

The author of this charming volume (albeit a book of "shreds and patches") has signed her name to the dedication. We now know, therefore, that the author of "Mary Powell," and many other valuable books, is Miss ANNE MANNING, of Reigate Hill. Miss Manning thinks there are certain young people who will hereafter thank Aunt Anne for having secured them some of their family traditions. "They are not," she adds, with a very pardonable fragment of old English pride, "of great people, but of good people—fine old English merchants and Christian gentlemen." A much greater number than "certain young people" will thank Miss Manning over the Christmas fire for much that is interesting in this volume, and con over the "family canvas" with gratitude to, and sympathy with, the art that stamps their impress on the mind. The portrait of a "gentleman of the old school" might form not an unworthy pendant to Sir Roger De Coverley. We were much taken with a "Scrap of Autobiography," relating chiefly to what old Chelsea was in the year 1815, when Miss Manning lived there. She does not seem aware that there is a relic of Sir Thomas More's garden wall, forming a portion of the enclosure to the Moravian burying-ground, near "The Man in the Moon," still in existence. We believe the portion of Lindsay House (once the almost palace residence of Hortensia Mancini, Duchess de la Meillerie) where Miss Manning speaks of having resided, was afterwards occupied by Martin, the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast." "Lonsdale House," which she also mentions, is better known to the modern world as the hospitable residence of the Dowager Lady Shelley. But all those old-world memories are pleasant and profitable, and our only regret is that the "Family Pictures" are so few in number.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURED DETAILS OF STEETLEY CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE. By JAMES CONTECIN. With Plans and Sections measured and drawn by THEOPHILUS SMITH. Published by ROBERT WHITE, Worksop.

This remarkable and truly admirable work was undertaken with the view to secure a permanent memorial of one of the best and most characteristic examples of Norman ecclesiastical architecture that is now in existence in England, but which, unhappily, is fast hastening to decay. Small in its dimensions, placed in a secluded situation, and desecrated, as it would seem, even before the time of Henry VIII., Steetley Church is comparatively unknown; and yet the richness and variety of its details, and the fact of its having almost entirely escaped alteration in periods subsequent to the Anglo-Norman era, render it peculiarly interesting to the architect and the archaeologist.

If this long-neglected relic of the earliest English architecture is worthy of attention, and has a lesson of its own to tell with characteristic impressiveness, it has at length been treated in a manner that more than compensates for long centuries of disregard and ruin.

The artists who have produced the volume before us—without question men who are actuated by that happy enthusiasm which is in itself so important an element of successful action—have done full justice to the ruined edifice of the old Norman architects. In their photographs we have exact fac-simile reproductions of the details of Steetley,

presented with a degree of fidelity unattainable by other means, giving not only the peculiar style of the ornamentation, but the mechanical construction in all its minutiae; and, in many cases, the actual toolings of the chisel. The photographs are in themselves of the highest order of excellence; and when it is considered that several of them were necessarily executed almost in the dark, their sharpness and precision are truly wonderful.

The volume in size is imperial folio, and it contains twenty-one photographs, with five outline lithographic plates of sections, plan and details, and two general sketches of the complete edifice as it now appears. The photographs are carefully mounted with tinted borders, and they produce a completely satisfactory result. The church itself has become the property of the Duke of Newcastle, and consequently it may be considered safe from any further injuries, except those that are inseparable from the lapse of time. The "illustrations" are appropriately dedicated to the duke.

We feel the utmost pleasure in inviting attention to the Steetley photographs, and in recording in strong terms our own high opinion of them and of the volume in which they appear. For the first time, they actually realize all that is to be desired in the illustration of architectural details. They give the true character both of the architecture and of the material in which the Norman builders worked. And they also set before the observer the exact present condition of every sculptured fragment, and of every time-worn stone. There is besides an air of painstaking thoughtfulness about the volume, which at once secures approbation, and at the same time inspires confidence in the judgment and skill with which the artists have accomplished their enterprise. We learn with sincere satisfaction that the present work is to be followed by companion volumes, to be devoted to the similar illustration of that noble relic of transitional Norman architecture, Roche Abbey, in Yorkshire, and of the South Transept Chapel of Worksop Priory Church. Specimens of the photographs for the illustration of both these fine ruins are before us, and they rank well with their Steetley comrades. The series, as we need scarcely add, admits of very wide extension; and we rely upon the artists to extend the range of their works, as widely as they may be enabled to do, through an adequate public appreciation of their efforts, coupled with a becoming support.

THE ORE SEEKER; A TALE OF THE HARTZ. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., London.

"The Ore Seeker"—the story is by "A. S. M.," its twenty-six illustrations are by "L. C. H." We have no desire to raise the veil it pleases author and artist to assume. The tale is written with grace and spirit; it is illustrated by a free and yet careful pencil. "Christmas books" are of late, for the most part, either well-known poems, or selections from the poets, enriched by our best "book painters;" but here we have an original story, descriptive of the silver mines of the Hartz, their workers, and inhabitants, developing character and incident that, while keeping up our attention, excite the better feelings and sympathies of our nature from the first page to the last. It is refreshing to find a work so earnest in its purpose, unswerving in its morality, and faithful in its delineations. Those who are satisfied to receive coarseness as power, and "slang" as wit, who revel over tyrannical "lords of the soil" and an ill-used "people," will lay "The Ore Seeker" aside; while others, who desire to bestow a beautiful book, as well as a pure enlightened story, on a dear friend, or a beloved daughter, will thank us for recommending "The Ore Seeker," and enjoy its contents. There are some pretty snatches of poetry here and there that would set well to music. One especially might form a spirited part song; it commences thus:—

"Strike, miners, strike! let the hollow sound,
Loud through the chamber of metal bound;
Scatter and crumble the stubborn soil,
Glittering wealth will repay your toil."

"Ladies' Art" is no longer a phrase of reproach. The illustrations in this charming volume are in all respects worthy of the letter-press; they are happily conceived, and executed with truth and expression. We have seldom seen anything more touching than the finding of the child in the mine after the explosion, and the child-supplication of Emile to the unkind Bauman is pictured with charming feeling. The getting up is in every respect perfect, and does credit to the publisher. The book is entitled to longer notice, as one of the healthiest and pleasantest of recent publications; but there are so many demands on our space this month, that we must content ourselves with giving it an earnest recommendation to all Art lovers and lovers of wholesome fiction in sound literature.

LYRA GERMANICA: Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year. Translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. With Illustrations by, and engraved under the superintendence of, JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This beautiful volume will form a valuable addition to the library of those who admire and can appreciate the highest forms of sacred poetry. Some years ago the late Chevalier Bunsen, whose recent death saddened almost as many hearts in this country as his own, collected and published a very large number—about nine hundred—of the most remarkable hymns of the German Reformed Church; many of them as distinguished for their poetic beauties as for the fervid Christian spirit apparent in every line. From the whole of these about one hundred have been selected for publication in their present form, and they have severally been chosen to harmonise with the collects of the English Church. The majority of the illustrations are by Mr. Leighton, who has had for his coadjutors Messrs. Armitage, Lawless, Keene, and S. Marks; and there are two well-known subjects by Flaxman. With three or four exceptions, these designs are excellent: equally so are the head and tail-pieces, and the initials: all have a Germanic feeling about them, which suits well with the peculiarity of the poetry.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY. Edited by JOHN BARROW, F.R.S., F.S.A. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Whatever more recent enterprise has effected in the way of maritime discovery, the voyages of Cook will always afford so interesting and valuable a narrative, that there is little fear of the old circumnavigator being laid up in ordinary, as unfit for service. How many young hearts have not his adventures stimulated to brave the dangers of the seas, and thus have contributed to make both our royal and commercial marine what it now is. "Cook's Voyages" is, and ever will be, a "boy's own book," and, therefore, we hail such an inviting edition as this with exceeding satisfaction. Mr. Barrow tells us, in the preface, he has added to it many letters which have not hitherto been made public; while several wood-cuts give increasing attraction to this little volume.

THE BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR. Illuminated by S. STANESBY. Published by GRIFFITH & FARRAN, London.

This is certainly one of the most elegant gift-books of the season; not only are the "illuminations" varied as beautiful, but the texts, if we may so call them, both in prose and poetry, chosen for the purpose, are selected with care and judgment. We have gems of beauty and thoughtfulness from Moore, Longfellow, Hood, Shakespere, Johanna Bailly, Hannah Moore, and some older worthies whom we rejoice to meet anywhere; but gathered as they are together, in this choice *bouquet*, we turn page after page, and feel grateful to possess a book so pleasant in literature and art.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. Illuminated by S. STANESBY. Published by J. FIELD, London.

A very few years ago this gay little volume would have been considered a marvel of chromatic printing; but we now see such gorgeous exhibitions of this process, that even large and costly volumes have ceased to make us wonder. Mr. Stanesby must not regard these remarks as disparaging to his book, which is most creditable to his taste; both in design and colour the illuminations are exceedingly attractive. In its sumptuous cover of green and gold, with a central ornament of *Magenta*—we believe the ladies would so express this tint—a prettier present could not be selected for boy or girl.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF BALLADS. Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings on Wood from Drawings by JOHN GILBERT. Published by BELL and DALDY, London.

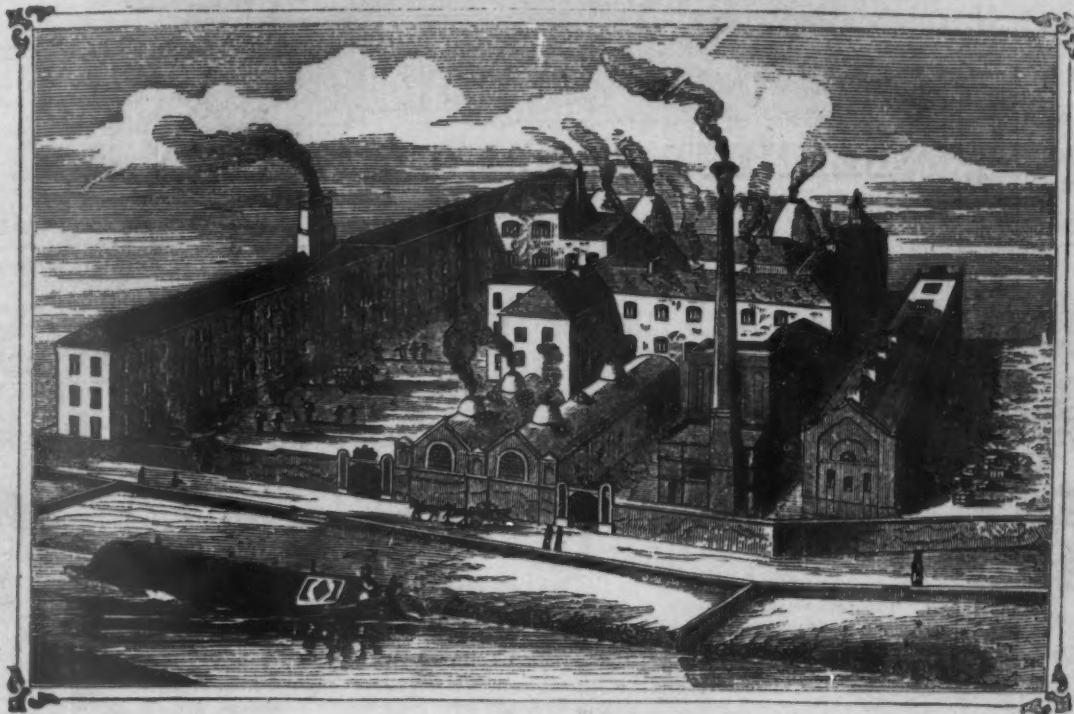
A selection of about sixteen of the best old British ballads, such as a boy would find the greatest interest in reading. They include "Sir Guy of Gisborne," "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough," "Sir Lancelot du Lake," "Chevy Chase," "The Heir of Lynne," "The Brave Lord Willoughby," "The Abbot of Canterbury," "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar," "Valentine and Ursine," "The Miller of Mansfield," &c., &c. Mr. Gilbert has contributed an illustration to each, of that character which has made his pencil so famous and without a rival.

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